# Watson's Magazine

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# Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIV APRIL, 1917 No. 6

## King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

### Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

WE are told that the eagerness of the people to either read the Bible or to hear it read, was so great that sixteen editions were printed within three years, after the King had placed it where the people had access to it. Not many commoners had been to school, for there were no schools, except for the favored few; and therefore, in each church, might be seen a group of men and women listening intently while some reader gave voice to the Scripture.

The priest at the altar, mumbling his Latin "mass," was neglected: the congregation hung upon the English words of the reader.

Great was the rage of the clergy; the mob of middle-men who station themselves between Man and his Maker, were about to lose their *reason-for-existence.*

Of course, they were furious; and of course they set themselves to work, most vigorously, to preserve their self-assumed *brokerage*—the enormously lucrative and powerful office of transacting all the affairs between the natural and the supernatural; not allowing the layman to approach his God, face to face; pray to Him, heart to heart; or beg His forgiveness, creature of Creator.

They first wrung from the King a proclamation forbidding the reading of the Bible "with a loud voice," and forbidding comment upon the text.

The reader must use a low voice, and if the narrative, parable, or sermon in the Book filled him with exalted thoughts, he must not express them!

Read the Sermon on the Mount, but do not moralize upon it, for the text is not in harmony with the social life of Christians. Read the terrible denunciations of unjust judges, tyrannical kings, corrupt priests, and ravenous Pharisees, but maintain silence, because the text might excite condemnation of persons and things as the little audience know them to be. Read the Ten Commandments, but stand mute, because every one of them are being violated in Church and State, and nowhere more plainly than within the cathedral itself, where the graven images of wood, clay, stone, and marble—made in contempt of the Decalogue—are bowed down to and adored, in spite of common sense and the plain forbiddance of Holy Writ.

One of the original authorities on English history (Strype) tells the story of a young man, named William Malden. When the King had graciously given permission for Bible-reading by the common folk, several poor men at Chelmsford put their pennies together and bought a copy of the New Testament. On Sundays, they would meet at church, and sitting at the lower end, so that the Latin-mumbler at the altar might not be disturbed, they would listen to one of their group read from their Testament.

Many of the congregation flocked around, to hear the Word, and one of these persons so attracted was William Malden.

His father being a typical priest-tanned Catholic—his mental hide thoroughly "cured" in the papal vat—dragged his son out of the church, and sternly commanded him to leave the Bible alone. Naturally, this whetted the young man's appetite for the forbidden thing, and he learned to read, in order that he might search the Scriptures for himself. His father had an apprentice whose curiosity was aroused, and these two youths put *their* pennies together and bought a Testament, *secretly*.

Not daring to let the parent Malden know that the accursed English Bible was in his Holy-watered domicile, the boys hid the Testament under their bed of straw, taking it from its hiding place to read, when they could safely run the risk.

One night, William Malden plucked up courage to tell his mother that he did not believe in kneeling to the crucifix, and giving it other signs of worship. He had come to see that these tokens of adoration, paid to a cross made of wood or marble, violated the Second Commandment, and were plain idolatry.

The old woman was shocked at this revelation of her son's awful state of mind. She was almost speechless with the horror of it. Her motherly milk soured immediately. Her maternal warmth froze, and in its place came a fierce anger against her boy. Not bow down to the crucifix? Not take off the hat to it, and lift up the hands reverently as it was borne by prancing priests through the public streets?

Abominable sacrilege! Accursed heretic! Unnatural son! The priest-tanned father must be told of this monstrous profanation of his Holy-watered premises, at once.

Accordingly, the old woman hurries to her husband, who had been asleep, and breaks to him the fearful news, that their son disbelieves in the worship of the cross.

Out of bed, springs the priest-tanned father, infuriated, and he rushes to the bed-room of the apostate son.

By the hair of the head, the boy is snatched from his pallet and given an unmerciful beating. Not being able to satisfy his zeal with his fists, the father "ran down and fetched an halter and put it about his son's neck, saying he would hang him."

But by this time the mother had softened a bit, and the entreaties of herself and her other son prevailed upon the priest-tanned sire to not murder his boy for his disbelief in idolatry.

Such was the mental state of the average Romanist, after the priests had had absolute control over the laity in England for hundreds of years; and that's precisely the state of mind of the average priest-dupe of today!

In 1543, the papists succeeded in passing through Parliament the most extraordinary statute that the royal signature ever converted into the law of a Christian realm. It is set forth on page 30, of Burnett's "History of the Reformation in England."

The preamble of the Act reveals the fact, that the reading of the Scriptures by the laity had given rise to opinions hostile to Roman Catholicism; and these anti-papal opinions are of course branded as "Seditious."

In order that these "Dissensions" might be curbed, it is provided that no book on Religion should be printed without the King's authority; and nobody should read the Scriptures in public, without a royal license, *excepting* the Chancellor in Parliament, the

Judges and Recorders who, according to custom, might take a text for use in their Speeches.

"Every Nobleman, or Gentleman, might cause the Bible to be read to him, in or about his house, quietly and without disturbance:" that is, the "Word of God" must not be perused or listened to, in a violent and tumultuous manner.

"Every Merchant that was a Householder, might also read it:" that is, a merchant who had a soul, but no house, must abstain: consequently, in papal and royal legislation, a property qualification was applied to Bible reading.

"But no Woman, nor Artificers, Apprentices, Journey-men, Serving-men, under the degree of Yeomen; nor any Husbandmen, or Laborers might read it."

Think of Catholic prelates and peers writing a law like that, just a few years before our ancestors planted democracy at Jamestown! Think of a Catholic King signing any such abominable Act of Parliament!

No laboring man should read the Book; no carpenter, mechanic, cabinet maker, clerk, or apprentice should do it!

No farm-tenant or worker should read the Bible; and no house-servant, or other domestic should do it.

Property-qualifications and class-distinctions written into Roman Catholic law, *in England*, for the division of Christian men and women, in the matter of licensing the reading of the Bible!

By a separate clause in this monstrous statute, the only women in England who could lawfully read the "Word of God," were the social caste, known technically, as Gentle-women and Noble-women; who, of course were the lady-members of the titled families, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Counts, Barons, Knights, and certain high officers of State.

The Roman church in England, speaking through its Duke of Norfolk, its Bishop Gardiner, its Chancellor Wriothesley, declared to the world, by solemn Act of Parliament, that *woman* —just the plain, ordinary, untitled woman—*was not fit to read the Bible*, and must not do so, under heavy pains and penalties. Catalogued with each other, as so much dross in the pot of baser humanity, *Woman and Labor* were set apart, BY LAW, as unworthy a place among the favored of the realm who might open the Testament, read the Lord's Prayer, and study the moral code of Jesus Christ!

Yet, in these latter years, we have had it dinned into our ears with tiresome repetition, by Catholic propagandists, that the Roman church has *always* been the champion of Woman and of Labor!

To make it more certain that the commoners of England should remain in ignorance of the Scriptures, the Great Bible was taken out of the churches, by virtue of the same extraordinary Act of Parliament. It was no longer a question of Tyndale's "false and crafty translation," for the Great Bible was the royally-sanctioned version, made by the highest Catholic scholars and dignitaries: the withdrawal of *this* translation exposed Rome's determination to keep *all* English Scriptures from the people.

(See Sanderson, Greene, Knight, Burnett, Austin, and Froude, under Index-references to *Bible.*)

Let us now turn to Scotland, whose story had become more and more interwoven with that of England, and whose politics thrust a very sharp French thorn into the flesh of British administration.

Like so many other historical facts whose remote origins are hard to discover, the close bonds that kept France and Scotland together for so long a time cannot be traced with certainty. We know that Robert Bruce was Norman-French, as was the rival claimant to the crown, Baloil. We know that it was a son of the Norman-French baron Alan who was appointed Steward of Scotland by King David I.

This office of Steward having become hereditary in the family, was taken as its sur-name. When the forces of David II. (the son of King Robert

Bruce) were beaten by the English in battle, the young King fled into France, where he remained until his lords won back his kingdom.

The direct Bruce male-line died out with this unfortunate and incapable David, who was succeeded by his nephew, the son of Marjory, (only daughter of Robert Bruce,) and of her husband, Walter, the sixth high steward.

These Stewards (or Stuarts, as the name is usually written,) were fated to make a stir in the world, and to play a decisive part in the histories of Scotland, England, Ireland, France, Italy, Spain, and Germany—not so much by reason of any personal worth or ability, as by reason of their royal legitimacy, their papal religion, and their pig-headed obstinacy in adhering to the usurped prerogatives of "Divine Right."

The first of the Stuart Kings is known as Robert II., and he reigned prosperously nineteen years.

In the beginning, however, he sadly complicated his domestic affairs by having children before he had wives; and by concurrently having a concubine and a wife—a style of living which became hereditary in his family, causing painful confusion in politics, religion and government.

The corrective note to page 42 of Buchanan's Vol. II. (History of Scotland,) relates the interesting particulars which caused the historians to fall into errors, as numerous and almost as sinful, as those of the first Stuart King.

It seems that the High Steward loved Elizabeth More, and that a numerous group of children blessed this left-hand union.

In course of time, the High Steward married Euphemia, the daughter of the earl of Ross, and she, also, blessed him with offspring. Then she died, some two years after he had ascended the throne, and his inclination for Elizabeth More became so strong that he married her. (1349.) The pope granted a "dispensation," and the Scottish Assembly, at the earnest desire of the monarch, disinherited the children of the first wife, in favor of the bastards of the second.

King Robert had another lady-friend, also named More, and she, likewise, blessed him with offspring; and, consequently, the two sets of Mores, and the children born of his first marriage, gave occasion to no end of bickerings, strife, and turmoil during the following generations.

Robert III., the next Stuart King, was one of the children of Elizabeth More, born before her marriage. He was a man of fine character, but not strong enough to rule so turbulent a nobility as that of feudal Scotland.

To make sure of his son's life, the king caused the prince to take passage on a vessel bound for France; but the young man went ashore in England, was seized, sent to London, and kept prisoner for nineteen years.

In Dr. William Robertson's "History of Scotland," (page 61) we are told on the authority of "most of the Scotch historians," that the ambitious uncle and cousin of the captive Prince caused him to be held in England, in order that they might exercise supreme power in Scotland.

The Duke of Albany and his son Murdo, are named as the false kinsmen in the case.

Finally released on ransom, the Prince returned to his own country, and became the first James of the Stuart line.

This poet-king made earnest efforts at parliamentary government, the advancement of commerce, and the orderly enforcement of law. His just severity caused his tragic taking off at Perth, during the Christmas festivals of 1437. Sir James Graham, at the head of a band of 300 lawless clansmen, surrounded the house, dragged the king from his hiding-place—which appears to have been the privy-vault—and slew him barbarously, with daggers and swords.

James II. was engaged, most of his reign, in struggles with the powerful house of Douglas, which he at length drove into an open rebellion that put 40,000 men into the field. But the royal

strength could not be quite broken, and Douglas was forced to flee.

Then James invaded England, in violation of treaty, and was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the seige of the Castle of Roxburgh. (1460.)

James III. was beset by these same never-ending feuds among the nobles, and he was tossed back and forth by their fierce rivalries for domination. His character did not fit him for piloting Scotland through such storms; and, after showing a want of courage at the skirmish of Sauchie, he was thrown by his horse in flight, and was murdered by the rebels who pursued him to the cottage where he had taken refuge. (1488.)

James IV. was gallant and extravagant—therefore popular with the nobility. He married the daughter of King Henry VII., and lived on terms of peace with England, until Henry VIII. came to the throne. Then personal disputes arose, and he was arrogantly snubbed by his brother-in-law. With rash folly, he crossed the Border at the head of a splendid array, but was disastrously defeated, and slain, at Flodden. (1513.)

At the death of James IV. his son and heir was not two years old; hence, the distracted kingdom had to undergo the ills of a long minority.

The inevitable struggles for power, among the higher nobles, tore the country with feud and strife. The Queen-mother married the earl of Angus, and between her, and her husband, and the Duke of Albany, a prolonged contest ensued. In the end, Albany was driven out, and Angus became virtually king. But when the Prince reached the age of 17, he eagerly listened to courtiers who hated the arrogant earl, escaped from Angus, set up independent authority for himself, and banished his too-imperious step-father.

It had been the statesmanly plan of King Henry VII. to unite the royal families of England and Scotland, compose the ancient quarrels of the two kingdoms and unite them for their common benefit. In giving his daughter Margaret in marriage to James IV., this future union of the crowns was the controlling motive of the English monarch.

Unfortunately, Henry VIII. gave bitter offense to his brother-in-law, over mere trivialities—as already related—and the hot-headed Stuart rushed to his doom at Flodden.

The temper of Henry VIII. did not sweeten with age, and instead of a policy of patient conciliation with Scotland, he resorted to provocation, aggressions, invasions, and attempted intimidation. The natural consequence was, that he hardened the obstinacy of the Scotch, and caused senseless miseries to the helpless population on both sides of the Border. These forays led to nothing except local devastation and wanton bloodshed.

Finally, Henry realized the uselessness of trying to coerce the indomitable Scotch, and he adopted another course. He earnestly invited his nephew to meet him in a personal interview at York; and if this meeting between the young prince and his now failing uncle had been allowed to come off, the happiest results might have followed. The old King could be most agreeable when he chose, and Prince James was a youth of gay, genial, winning ways: but, as a Cardinal had once ruled the British uncle, so a Cardinal now ruled the Scottish nephew.

Between the King and Prince fell the shadow of Rome. Cardinal David Beaton was resolutely determined that there should be no inspection of convents *in Scotland*, no dissolution of monasteries, no confiscation of clerical estates, no defiance of the pope.

Therefore, every move made by King Henry VIII. was checkmated by the Papal Prince who governed Scotland.

When he saw that the dire poverty of the young James V. tempted him to appropriate the riches of the Roman clergy, Beaton artfully proposed a present cash donation of 30,000 gold crowns, a year, and as much more as might be needed. Thus the wily Cardinal bought off the pleasure-loving Stuart, by supplying him with immediate funds and encouraging his

twin weaknesses—women, and palace-building.

So deeply intent had Henry been upon effecting the union of the two kingdoms, that he had authorized the Bishop of St. David's and William Howard—brother to the Duke of Norfolk—to see the Scottish king at Stirling and negotiate a marriage between him and Henry's daughter, promising that if this match were made, he, the English monarch "would leave him—James V.—the whole kingdom of Britain at his death." Furthermore, in the event of this marriage, the Scottish king was to be created Duke of York and made vice-gerent of the kingdom of England.

(See History of Scotland, by Buchanan, Vol. II., page 312.)

James V. readily accepted these terms and named the day for the proposed meeting, at York.

A curious detail in these attempts at a reconciliation with Scotland is, that the royal uncle sent his nephew some books to read—books printed in English and dealing with ecclesiastical affairs. The Stuart prince, true to his priestly training, declined to open the suspicious volumes, until his clerical advisers should have examined them. These examiners promptly discovered that the writings were "pestiferous," condemned them as "heretical," and warmly congratulated the royal ass for not having "contaminated his eyes" by looking upon those sinful pages.

(Buchanan's Scotland: Vol. II., p. 312.)

Inasmuch as Henry VIII. continued to burn heretics, throughout his reign, the dreaded books could not have contained anything more dangerous than a denial of the pope's temporal power; but the pontiff had sent the Stuart prince a consecrated cap and a consecrated sword: and the young man's education had prepared him to believe that such a cap and such a sword dedicated him to the service of the Lord, against his excommunicated uncle, Henry VIII.

Strive for a better understanding as hard as he might, the English king was constantly frustrated. His dissolutely amorous, but papally pious, nephew went his own way—or rather, Cardinal Beaton's way—repelled his uncle's advances, married the consumptive daughter of the King of France, and when she soon perished in Scotland, took to wife Mary of Guise, as thorough-going a papist as ever came out of France.

The tragic upshot of the long drawn out intrigues, plots and counterplots was, that Henry became furiously enraged against his nephew, and sent an army to ravage the Scottish side of the border. James summoned the Chiefs, and they came loyally to his standard in strong array, causing the English to cross back into their own country.

Then the Stuart king, not unnaturally, wished to pursue and punish the invaders; but his nobles refused to cross the Border.

They had freed Scotland of the enemy, and thought it wise to let well enough alone.

Not so, the young king. He rejected moderate counsels, took no warning from the dispersion of his main army, but persisted until he found a leader willing to pursue the English. This was Lord Maxwell, and with his ten thousand men he might have kept his promise to "perform some notable exploit," if he had not been foiled by the incorrigible folly of his Stuart king. James did not go with his troops, nor would he trust Maxwell; instead, he gave papers to his unworthy favorite, Oliver Sinclair, appointing him to the command.

Buchanan tells the story thus: "When the army had arrived at a little distance from the enemy's territory, and about five hundred English horsemen appeared on the neighboring hills, Oliver was raised on high by his faction, and, supported on two spears, ordered the royal letters to be read; at which the whole army, and particularly Maxwell, was so much offended, that all command ceased, and the utmost confusion prevailed."

The English, seeing this commotion among the Scotch, *attacked;* and the almost bloodless action—known as the Battle of Solway Moss—changed the

course of events, very decidedly. The wretched Stuart king grieved himself to death, over his mistakes and calamities. Cardinal Beaton forged a paper which he impudently palmed off temporarily upon the nobles, as the dying king's last will, and under this forged document grasped supreme power. (Buchanan: Vol. II., p. 325.)

The fraudulent will, written for Beaton by the mercenary priest, Henry Balfour, being soon questioned and exposed, the Cardinal was forced out of the regency. James Hamilton, earl of Arran was elected regent. (Buchanan: Vol. II., p. 328.)

The King of England now pressed more vigorously than ever for a union of the two crowns to be brought about, in the due course of nature, by a marriage between his only son, and the infant daughter of the recently deceased Stuart.

When the sick-at-heart James V. lay dying in Falkland Castle, in December, 1542, word was brought that his queen had given birth to a daughter.

' "Adieu!" he muttered—"Fare weel: it came with ane lass and will pass with ane lass," and then he turned his face to the wall." ' *Rait's "Royal Palaces of Scotland," p. 234.*

(Majory Bruce had brought the crown into the Stuart family, and Mary Queen of Scots was the last to wear the separate regalia of the Thistle.)

In the Scottish parliament, March 1543, Sir Ralph Saddler, who was present as ambassador from Henry VIII., negotiated for a treaty of peace, and for a marriage between the Princess Mary of Scotland and Prince James of England; but Cardinal Beaton opposed it with all his might, and created so much clamor in the assembly, that no vote could be taken until he had been forcibly put out and shut up in a separate room. *Buchanan: Vol. II., p. 329.*

After the turbulent priest had been removed, *the treaty of peace and of marriage was sanctioned*, and hostages given for its faithful observance.

The worst thing that could now happen to Scotland would be the breach of this treaty, which surely promised an end to centuries of war and carnage; but Cardinal Beaton never rested till he had brought that crowning disaster upon his country.

Aided by French and Papal intrigue, and by ample supplies of money, he bribed some of the nobles, played upon the jealousies and the ambitions of others, and so increased his strength that, before the end of the year 1543, he had taken possession of the Queen-mother and of the Princess Mary, had summoned a Parliament, and had caused it to annul the marriage-treaty with England—thus flouting and grossly affronting King Henry VIII.

Beaton had deliberately sacrificed Scotland to the Italian papacy, and laid the train which carried Mary Stuart into the hands and crimes of the Guises; into the marriage with Darnley, and the amour with Rizzio; into the fatal match with Bothwell; into papal plots against Queen Elizabeth, and so to the pitiful end at Fotheringay.

The annals of state-craft do not tell us of any worse men than the *political* Cardinals, whose records you may scan, from Ximenes, Mazarin, and Du-Bois, down to the days of the infamous Antonelli, who ruled Pope Pius IX.; but that forbidding galaxy of papal politicians presents no figure more repulsive, more abhorrent to every sane conception of a Christian prelate, than that of Cardinal Beaton.

In pride, arrogance, lust of power, and brutal disregard for all who differed from him in opinion, he rivalled Thomas Becket and Cardinal Wolsey; in the willingness to inflict torture and death upon those who scorned the degrading superstitions of Rome, he was the companion spirit of Caraffa, Torquemada, and Dominic. Not only were professed Christians burned alive for leaning toward Luther's doctrines, but he caused to perish in the flames Scotchmen who ate meat on Friday. Perhaps his supreme atrocity was his burning to death a woman who, in the time of her travail, had refused to pray to the Virgin. *Buchanan's "History of Scotland," Vol. II. p. 350.*

It was the peculiarity of Cardinal Beaton that he enjoyed fiercely a per-

sonal share in these fiendish murders of those Christians who were not foot-kissing papists.

It filled his soul with ferocious joy to see them suffer, writhe, and shrivel up in the fire.

This fact would seem incredible were it not so well attested. Thus, Buchanan relates the circumstances of the murder of the noble and pure scholar, George Wishart, whose only crime was, his disbelief in the wafer-God, and his preference for the commemorative Supper:

Next morning the priest sent two Franciscans to him, to acquaint him that the time of his execution drew near, and to ask if he wished to confess his sins to them, as was customary. He replied that he had nothing to do with friars, nor would willingly converse with them, but if they would gratify him so far, he wished to converse with the learned man who had preached the day before. Winram, when he had obtained permission of the bishops, came to the castle, and held a long conversation with George, intermingled with many tears. At length, after he had ceased weeping, from which he could not at first refrain, he kindly asked him:—Whether he would not wish to partake of the sacrament of the supper? Most willingly, answered Wishart, if, according to Christ's appointment, it be shown forth in both kinds, namely, in both bread and wine.

Winram, on this, returned to the bishops, and having informed them that the prisoner solemnly affirmed his innocence of the crimes with which he was charged, and that he did not say so to deprecate his impending death, but only to leave a testimony to men, of that innocence which was known to God, the cardinal, inflamed with rage, replied;—As for you, we know very well already what you are. Winram then asked whether he should be allowed the communion of the holy body and blood of the Saviour. When the other priests, after having consulted a little together, gave it as their opinion, that it did not appear proper that an obstinate heretic, condemned by the church, should enjoy any church privilege.

This answer being returned to him, at nine o'clock, when the friends and servants of the governor assembled to breakfast, George was asked whether he would partake with them. He answered: "Willingly, and with more pleasure than I have done for some time past, for now I perceive that you are good men, and fellow-members of the same body of Christ with me, and because I know this will be the last meal I shall partake of upon earth. And I beseech you," addressing the governor, "in the name of God, and by that love which you bear towards our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to sit down at this table a little, and attend to me, while I address an exhortation to you, and pray over the bread which we are about to eat as brethren in Christ, and then I shall bid you farewell." In the meantime, the table being covered, as is the custom, with a linen cloth, and bread placed upon it, George began a short and clear discourse upon the last supper, and the sufferings and death of Christ, and spoke about half an hour. He especially exhorted them to lay aside wrath, envy, and malice, that their minds might be filled with love one to another, and so become perfect members of Christ, who daily intercedes with the Father, that we through him, our sacrifice, may obtain eternal life. Having thus spoken, when he had given God thanks, he brake the bread, and gave a little to each, and in like manner he gave the wine, after he himself had tasted, entreating them now to remember in this sacrament, for the last time along with him, the memorial of Christ's death, as for himself a more bitter portion was prepared, for no other reason except preaching the gospel. After which, having again returned thanks, he retired into his charmber, and finished his devotions.

Not long after, two of the executioners were sent by the cardinal, one of whom clothed him with a coarse black linen shirt, and the other affixed many bags of gunpowder, to different parts of his body. In this dress they brought him to the governor's chamber, and ordered him to remain there. In the meanwhile, a scaffold was erected in the court before the castle, and a pile of wood raised. Opposite the place of execution, the windows, and battlements of the castle were covered with tapestry and silk hangings, on which pillows were placed, whence the cardinal, with his associates, might enjoy the spectacle of an innocent man's sufferings, and receive the congratulations of the mob, as the authors of some illustrious exploit. Besides, a numerous guard of soldiers was stationed, as if against any external violence, but in truth, rather as an exhibition of power, and brass cannon were planted over the whole castle, in the most convenient situations. In the midst of these, George, being brought forth at the sound of trumpets, mounted the scaffold, and was bound by ropes to the stake, and scarcely could he obtain liberty to pray for the church, when, the executioners setting fire to the pile, the powder which was bound about him blew up, and he was envolved in flame and smoke. The governor of the castle, who stood so near, that he was scorched by the flames, briefly exhorted him to be of good courage, and ask pardon of his offences of God; to whom he said:—These flames indeed bring pain to my body, yet do not disturb my mind; but he who now so

proudly looks down upon me, from his high place, will, within a few days, be as ignominiously thrown over, as he now arrogantly reclines. When he had said this, the cords were drawn more straitly round his throat, and his speech stopped. In a few hours his body was reduced to ashes, and the bishops, still filled with rage and hatred, forbade, under the severest penalties, any prayers to be said for the deceased. The cardinal, on account of this deed, was highly extolled by his own band, as one who, when all else were stupified, in despite of the regent's authority, had accomplished so great an action, who had checked popular insolence, and had so bravely undertaken, and so happily conducted the defence of the clergy; and if, said they, the church had had such defenders of her dignity in former years, she would not now have been dependant upon others, but by the strength and weight of her own majesty, would have held all others in subjection.

The unbounded exultation of the priests, on account of their victory, inflamed, not only the common people, but many noblemen of rank and influence, who, rather irritated than terrified felt indignant at themselves, for suffering, by their own indolence, the country to have been reduced to such a state, that some remedy instantly, and at whatever risk, must be attempted, or the worst, and most ignominious tyranny must be endured. Complaints at length became general and open, and some of those who suffered most severely, began to conspire against the cardinal, and to encourage each other, either to regain their liberty, or sacrifice their lives. For what honourable prospect can remain, said they, under an arrogant priest, and cruel tyrant, who waging war against God and man, not only regards as his enemies, the pious and the wealthy, but destroys every one who in the least offends him, however mean or writched; who in public, promotes foreign and domestic hostilities, in private, unblushingly unites meretricious loves in wedlock, and breaks legitimate marriages at his pleasure; at home, revelling with prostitutes, and abroad, rioting in innocent blood.

One of the younger Scotch nobles, Norman Leslie, who had been the active partisan of Cardinal Beaton, was mistreated by the prelate, and goaded into a state of murderous frenzy. Leslie headed a band of malcontents, attacked the Cardinal in his castle of St. Andrews, slew him without heeding his cries of "*I am a priest!*" and hung his lifeless body over the very battlements from which Beaton had recently exulted in the agonies of George Wishart. *Buchanan's "History," Vol. II., p. 259, and following.*

This act of violence took place in May, 1546, and it was followed by a treaty of peace between the two warring nations.

In July 1543, King Henry married a most estimable lady who had already outlived two husbands, but who was still in the prime of life, young enough to be physically attractive and old enough to be mentally discreet.

Katherine Parr was of noble descent and powerful connections, well educated, amiable, tactful and clever.

Although excommunicated and at strife with the Italian potentate who was Christ's personal viceroy, Henry celebrated his last marriage, as he had done othe other five, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church.

Katherine wielded an influence for good over the irritable monarch, and brought him into something like family relations with his children. She appears to have won the respect and affection of both the Princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, and to have been fondly esteemed by Prince Edward.

Yet, all the historians agree that she came within an ace of losing the head off her shoulders, by presuming to differ from the King upon a point in Theology. Probably she got the better of her irascible lord in the argument, which is, indeed, a hard thing for a man to forgive in a woman.

The story goes that the Catholic party became exultant—Katherine being of the Reform faction—and that they were already arranging the preliminaries for the Queen's execution, when a hint of her extreme peril was given to the argumentative Katherine.

Accounts differ as to how she made up the quarrel and saved her neck; but the accepted version is, that she demurely sought the King, assured him that she had presumed to argue theology with him for no other purpose than to draw him out, divert his mind, and refresh herself in seeing him make a display of his superior learning and ability.

"Is it so, Sweetheart?" cried the

flattered, delighted, cozened old monarch: "then we are friends, again!"

So, they strolled about the garden, and were thus engaged when the Chancellor Wriothesley and other Catholic extremists came to arrest her. In the parlance of our day, it was a close call for the Queen; for if the arrest had been made, her enemies would have cut off all chances of reconciliation.

Wriothesley and his companions were dumbfounded when they beheld their intended victim in pleasant converse with the King, and they stood quaking when he angrily turned upon them, and blazed out in a strain of coarse, but hearty abuse.

Even Dr. Lingard, the Catholic historian bears testimony to the substantial correctness of the foregoing almost unbelievable incident. *Lingard's History, p. 367.*

During these final years of the reign, Henry went once more to France with a large army, the dupe of the policy of the Emperor Charles V., as he had usually been.

The unique feature of this last alliance was, that it made the excommunicated and papally dethroned King of England the political ally of the pope!

No other fact coud so vividly illustrate the inconsistencies and antagonisms brought upon the papacy by the popes' ambition to be at once the temporal monarchs of an Italian kingdom, and the supreme spiritual heads of a Universal church.

It had been agreed between Henry and Charles that they would march upon Paris, crush the slippery Francis, and strip him of Burgundy, Normandy, and Guienne; but Charles stopped to bescige Landrecy, while Henry halted to invest Boulogne, and the consequence was that a side-issue sprang up between the allies, each of whom accused the other of bad faith.

Since both were guilty, the dispute quickly became acrimonious and irreconcileable.

Charles made sudden peace with Francis, throwing Henry over; and Henry, although he took Boulogne, returned to England, full of impotent rage against the astute Emperor, whose sudden change of front was caused by the growth of the Protestant League in Germany.

On page 206, Vol. II., of Green's "History of the English People," this statement occurs:

"The plans which Charles had formed for uniting the Catholics and Lutherans in the conferences of Augsburg had broken down before the opposition of both Luther and the Pope. On both sides indeed the religious contest was gathering new violence. A revival had begun in the Church itself, but it was the revival of a militant and uncompromising orthodoxy.

In 1542 the fanaticism of Cardinal Caraffa forced on *the establishment of the Supreme Tribunal of the Inquisition* AT ROME.

The next year saw the establishment of the Jesuits."

(American Catholics are being taught to believe that the diabolical Inquisition was a Spanish affair, unauthorized by the pope, and never in operation in the pope's own personal dominions!)

It was the coming battle between the Romanists and the Protestants that made it necessary for the Emperor Charles to free his hands of the French war, so that he could concentrate his forces against the League of Schmalkald—the federation of the Protestant princes of Germany.

At the same time, the opening sessions of the Council of Trent made it plain that the Papacy would be upheld in its extremest usurpations: hence, all hope of a reunited Christendom vanished.

Naturally, the King of England now turned to the Protestant League, since a sweeping victory for the Emperor and the Pope might mean the forcible execution of the papal decree against him by the Catholic powers. But Henry's overtures to the German princes were repelled, because they had lost confidence in him. His latest freak-alliance with Emperor and Pope, had made too deep an impression to soon pass away.

Henry's course was nearly run, his work well-nigh done.

He had struck the Papacy a blow

from which it could not recover: he had given the Catholic laity an opportunity for independence which was never entirely lost: he had stripped the clergy of immunity from the law, and had broken the spell of monasticism: he had so often called upon Parliament to become the accomplice of his crimes, that he left Parliament established in such power as it had never before enjoyed.

He had created the beginning of the English navy, and the crown never again had to depend upon merchant vessels in time of war.

Without being aware of it, he had gained the first great victory for nationality, Home Rule, and the supremacy of the State over the Church; for what Henry had in fact accomplished by his battle with Rome was, not only England's right to independence, but *the State's right to dictate the supreme laws.*

Thus the Civil authority gained at the expense of the ecclesiastical, in spite of the anomalous fact, that the King became the English pope.

Around the dying monarch, stood the embittered factions, hands on swords.

The Norfolk-Gardiner party arrayed against the Seymours and Cranmer. Those must have been grewsome, ghastly days.

Pussy-footing priests intrigued and plotted: rival lords threatened to take daggers to each other: faction maneuvred against faction, and the King, so enormously fat and so helpless that a crude mechanical apparatus —constructed on the principle of the modern elevator—was his only means of going from one storey of the palace to another.

When he was perhaps too far gone to realize what he was doing, Henry signed the death-warrant of the young and noble Surrey, one of England's minor poets, son of the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke himself was thrown into the Tower, and condemned, but saved by the King's own death.

The Catholic historian, Dr. John Lingard, says that during the King's last illness, "he was constantly attended by his confessor, the bishop of Rochester, heard mass daily in his chamber, and received the communion in one kind."

The most recent Protestant historian, Martin Hume, gives the following account:

On the afternoon of 26th anuary 1547 the end of the King was seen to be approaching. The events of Henry's deathbed have been told with so much religious passion on both sides that it is somewhat difficult to arrive at the truth. Between the soul in despair and mortal anguish, as described by Rivadeneyra, and the devout Protestant deathbed portrayed by some of the ardent religious reformers, there is a world of difference. The accepted English version says that, fearing the dying man's anger, none of the courtiers dared to tell him of his coming dissolution, until his old friend Sir Anthony Denny, leaning over him, gently broke the news. Henry was calm and resigned, and when asked if he wished to see a priest, he answered. "Only Cranmer, and him not yet." It was to be never, for Henry was speechless and sightless when the Primate came, and the King could answer only by a pressure of his numbed fingers the question if he died in the faith of Christ. Another contemporary, whom I have several times quoted, though always with some reservation, says that Henry, some days before he died, took a tender farewell of the Princess Mary, to whose motherly care he commended her young brother; and that he then sent for the Queen and said to her, " 'It is God's will that we should part, and I order all these gentlemen to honour and treat you as if I were living still; and, if it should be your pleasure to marry again, I order that you shall have seven thousand pounds for your service as long as you live, and all your jewels and ornaments.' The good Queen could not answer for weeping, and he ordered her to leave him. The next day he confessed, took the sacrament, and commended his soul to God."

Henry died, in fact, as he had lived, a Catholic. The Reformation in England, of which we have traced the beginnings in this book, did not spring mature from the mind and will of the King, but was gradually thrust upon him by the force of circumstances, arising out of the steps he took to satisfy his passion and gratify his imperious vanity. Freedom of thought in religion was the last thing to commend itself to such a mind as his, and his treatment of those who disobeyed either the Act of Supremacy or the Bloody Statute (the Six Articles) shows that neither on the one side or the other would he tolerate dissent from his own views, which he characteristically caused to be embodied in the law of the land, either in politics or religion. The concession to subjects of the right of private judgment in matters

of conscience seemed to the potentates of the sixteenth century to strike at the very base of all authority; and the very last to concede such a revolutionary claim was Henry Tudor. His separation from the Papal obedience, whilst retaining what, in view, were the essentials of the Papal creed, was directed rather to the increase than to the diminution of his own authority over his subjects; and it was this fact that doubtless made it more than ever attractive to him. To ascribe to him a complete plan for the aggrandisement of England and her emancipation from foreign control, by means of religious schism, has always appeared to me to endow him with a political sagacity and prescience which, in my opinion, he did not possess, and to estimate imperfectly the forces by which he was impelled.

We have seen how, entirely in consequence of the unexpected difficulties raised by the Papacy to the first divorce, he adopted the bold advice of Cranmer and Cromwell to defy the Pope on that particular point. **The opposition of the Pope was a purely political one, forced upon him by the Emperor for reasons of State, in order to prevent a coalition between England and France**; and there were several occasions when, if the Pope had been left to himself, he would have found a solution that would have kept England in the orthodox fold. But for the persistence of the opposition Henry would never have taken the first step that led to the Reformation. Having taken it, each other step onward was the almost inevitable consequence of the first, having regard to the peculiar character of the King.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# *Consistency*

*Ralph M. Thomson*

The air was cold—the sky was gray—
The earth entombed by snow,
With not a friendly hint of May
To set the heart aglow;

And, yet, to strings he scarce could twang,
All other themes above,
A tattered, shivering beggar sang
About the warmth of love!

# Ancient Paganism and Modern Popery, The Same

## Idolatry and Paganism Survive Christianity, in the Roman Church

WHEN the Apostle Paul reached Rome and began his planting of Christianity, paganism was the religion of the State, although every other form of worship was tolerated.

There were temples to the gods of Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, and Babylonia.

The worship inaugurated by Paul consisted of hymns, prayers, sermons, baptism, and the commemorative Supper.

The proofs of this were inscribed on the walls of the underground tombs, known as the Catacombs, which were the hiding-places of the Christians, when persecuted by the pagans.

On those rock-walls, you may still see a rough picture of the Communion Service, as practised by the early converts.

The members of the church are seated at a table, upon which there is a platter, holding loaves and a fish. A chalice of wine is held by one who is apparently about to serve it to the seated group.

In other words, the Last Supper of Christ was remembered, just as he commanded that it should be remembered, by the eating of a reverential supper, consisting, *as his had done*, of food and wine.

(In those primitive days, it was the custom to mix water with the wine.)

Cowering, and in fear for their lives, the early Christians clung closely to the Cross. The very simplicity of their worship and the human brotherhood of their doctrine, presented a startling contrast to the sensuous and elaborate ceremonial of the pagans in their temples.

"Early Church History," is the title of a profound work by a devout Englishman who died in 1879, and whose book was circulated with the endorsement of the Church of England Book Society.

On page 64, he discusses the transition of the Jewish Passover into the Christian rite, variously called "the Lord's Supper, the Supper of Love, the Love Feast, or Agape. The food partaken of was provided by such as were of ability, and what remained over was distributed amongst those who were in need."

This statement is in perfect agreement with what is said by Mosheim, and other standard authorities on Church History.

Think, then, what a monstrous violence was done to Christianity when a commemorative Supper of the Jews, adopted into the Early Church to memorialize the death of Christ, was changed from a literal *Supper of Remembrance*, into a sacrificial fiction, in which the wine is separated from the bread, and the priest pretends to be drinking God's blood, while the congregation is swallowing His body!

The learned author of the book, Edward Backhouse, says:

"During the next twenty-five years which followed the day of Pentecost, we find no mention of the Passover (except as an indication of time) nor any further notice of the daily (or less frequent) breaking of bread together.

But about the year 58, we come upon the practice in full activity in the Corinthian Church."

The Apostle Paul, in referring to this, states that Christ *again* used the *commemorative* words. "This do, in remembrance of me;" "This do ye, *as oft as ye* drink it, in remembrance of me."

If, indeed, Christ meant a memorial Supper, of bread and wine, to be partaken by his disciples *together*, and to the end of time, could he have chosen words more plain, clear, simple, and indisputable?

Apart from the New Testament itself, we have no record of Christian rites and ceremonial worship earlier than the Letters of the Roman philosopher Pliny, in the Second century. Let me here quote a page or two from "The Early Church":

The earliest allusion to the Supper, or even to worship in any way, is the statement we have already had before us, reported by Pliny in Bithynia, namely, that the disciples held their meetings on the first day of the week, very early in the morning, and sang praises to Christ, and that after this they met again to partake together of a simple and innocent meal.

Justin Martyr, in his **First Apology**, presented to Antoninus Pius about A. D. 138, is the earliest writer who particularly describes the worship of the Christians. The reading and exposition of Scripture remained, and the extemporare prayer and the hymn, with much of the simplicity of the primitive mode; but the free exercise of gifts on the part of the congregation, so important to the healthy, vigorous life of the Church, was gone; almost the entire service, didactic and administrative, had become concentrated in one man.

"On the day called Sunday," says Justin, "all who live in cities or in the country assemble in one place, and the memoirs of the apostles, or the writings of the Prophets, are read as long as time permits; and when the reader has ceased, the president verbally instructs and exhorts to the imitation of these good things. Then we all rise together and pray, and when our prayer is ended, bread and wine and water are brought, and the president offers prayers and thanksgivings, according to his ability, and the people assent, saying Amen: and there is a distribution to each, and a participation of that over which thanks have been given; and to those who are absent a portion is sent by the deacons. They who are well-to-do and willing to give what each thinks fit; and what is collected is deposited with the president, who sends assistance to the orphans, and widows, and the sick, and those who are in bonds, and strangers,—in a word to all who are in need."

Sixty years later we meet with a beautiful picture of the religious practices of the Christians, in the writings of Tertullian. "We are," he says in his **Apology**, addressed to the rulers of the Empire, "a community bound together by the same religious profession, by the divine authority of our discipline, and by a common hope. We come together as a congregation to offer with our united force our prayers to God, to whom such wrestling is acceptable. We pray for the Emperors, for their ministers, and for all in authority; for the welfare of the world, for the prevalence of peace, for the delay of the final consummation.

We meet to read our sacred writings, if the state of the times makes either forewarning or retrospection needful. With the sacred words we nourish our faith, we animate our hope, we strengthen our confidence; no less do we, by the inculcation of God's precepts, confirm good habits. Exhortations are given and rebukes are sacred censures administered. The work of judgment proceeds with the gravity which befits those who feel they are in the sight of God; and the most notable example of the judgment to come is given when any one has sinned so grievously, as to require his separation from us in prayer and the assmbly and all sacred intercourse.

"The tried men of our elders preside over us, who have obtained that honous, not by purchase, but by character. There is no buying and selling in the things of God. Though we have our treasure-chest, it is not filled by purchase-money, as of a venal religion. On the monthly collection-day each as he chooses puts in a small donation; but only if it be his pleasure, and if he is able: for there is no compulsion, all is voluntary.

These gifts are piety's deposit fund; they are not spent on feasts and drinking bouts, but **to support and bury the destitute, to bring up poor orphan boys and girls, to maintain superannuated servants, and such as have suffered shipwreck; and if there happen to be any in the mines, or exiled, or in prison, for their fidelity to the Church of God, to minister to them.** But it is chiefly for these very deeds of love that some persons brand us. 'See,' they say, 'how these Christians love one another;' for they themselves are animated by mutual hatred: —'How they are ready to die for one another;' for they themselves will sooner put one another to death. . . . How fittingly are those called and counted brothers who have been led to the knowledge of God as their common Father, who have drunk in the same spirit of holiness, and who from the womb of common ignorance have been born into the same light of truth!

"You abuse our humble feasts as extravagant and wicked. Our feast is a modest supper; it explains itself by its name. The Greek calls it 'Love.' Whatever it costs, the outlay is gain; since with the good things of the feast we succor the needy. As it is an act of religious service, it permits no vileness or immodesty. The

participants before reclining for meat taste first of prayer to God. As much is eaten as satisfies the cravings of hunger; as much is drunk as befits those who remember that during the night they will be occupied in worshipping God. We talk together as those who know that the Lord is one of our hearers. After the washing of hands and the bringing in of lights, each is asked to stand forth and sing, as he is able, a hymn to God, either from the Holy Scriptures, or of his own composing. As the feast commenced with prayer, so with prayer it is closed."

By Tertullian's time the substitution of one man, the presiding presbyter, as the distributor of **the bread and wine,** in place of a mutual participation around a social table, had become a rule in the Churches. He writes: "The Lord commanded it to be eaten at meal-times and to be taken by all. We receive it at our meetings before daybreak, and from no other hands but those of the presidents." **Tertullian appears to have been the first to give to the Supper the name of Sacrament.**

The slaves and the poor flocked to Christianity, because it put every living creature on the same level of equality, offering eternal Salvation, "without money and without price." In Christ, rank disappeared, social caste melted, wealth lost its glamor, Faith was everybody's immortal riches.

It is easy for you, therefore, to picture to yourself the primitive congregation of Christians.

The meeting took place at night, because its darkness gave greater safety: it might be in a room of a private dwelling, or at some quiet spot outside the city, or it might be the Catacombs.

The elder would read the Scriptures, would expound and exhort, would lead in singing and in prayer—and that was all.

Baptism was administered, as converts were made; and the Supper was celebrated on the first day of the week.

Now, let us leave the Christian congregation, and enter the temple where the pagans are at worship.

We already have in our minds the picture of Christians, at service: let us try to get a mental picture of the heathen idolaters, at *their* service.

Then, as this picture takes shape in our heads, let us look around us, and see whether heathen idolatry perished when Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire, or whether the paganism of the Empire moved over into the Christian church at Rome, took control of it, and handed idolatry down to us, *in the masquerade of Catholicism.*

Before we can say that paganism now lives and flourishes, under a *Christian* name, we must first learn what paganism used to be, when it bore its *own* name.

You are not to be misled and duped by mere name: your intelligence and experience teach you that names do not always fit things. The substance may not be what its name implies.

Originally, the name and the thing may have been well-matched, but in course of time, the thing may have undergone a complete change, while the name remained as it was at first.

A familiar example is *the monarchy* of Great Britain: originally, the King was truly a monarch, and the realm a monarchy; but, in the course of ages, the government slipped out of the hands of the King, into that of Parliament; and therefore Great Britain is not now a real monarchy, but is a republic, *governed by the representatives of a majority.*

Yet, although the people rule the country, by popular vote, it is still a monarchy, *in name*, and one of the Englishmen is called *the King.*

What did Paganism used to be, when it wore its own name?

The question is easily answered, because the Christians preached against the idolaters, wrote against them, made laws against them, and waged wars against them.

Consequently, *the facts went on record.* We can find those facts in the writings of the Christian Fathers, in laws of the Christian emperors, and in the undisputed historic annals which tell us about ancient wars.

We can soon get as clear an idea of what Paganism was, in its palmiest days, as we can of what Mormonism is, at the present time.

INCENSE.

(1.) Let us begin with the burning of *incense*, as a part of religious worship: *was that a pagan practise?*

If so, how did it receive its introduction into Christian worship?

The question is interesting: to make perfume a component part of religion doesn't seem necessary, except in a physical way.

In the old English theatre, there were no toilet-rooms; and the rude manners of the age tolerated doings which now seek privacy.

It naturally happened, therefore, that disagreeable odors became so strong, that some oppressed brother would sing out, "*Burn the juniper!*"

Green juniper boughs gave out an overpowering perfume of their own, much preferable to that of the urinal.

Hence, a supply of the juniper was kept on hand, to be ready when the audience gave vocal notice that it needed a change of smell.

It occurs to me that in the olden temples where fowls and four-footed beasts were necessary to the altar of sacrifice, the stench rising from the stalls, the pens, the blood, and the carcasses must have been strong and sickening. The burning of the flesh on the altar may not have been as sweet a savor to human nostrils, as the priests said it was to those of the invisible deities.

Therefore, a physical necessity may have caused the burning of incense, just as it caused the burning of the juniper in the theatre of Shakespeare's time.

In other words, a pleasant smell was used to overcome a mixture of unpleasant ones.

Thus the Pagan poet, Virgil, in his classical epic, The Æneid, speaks of the goddess Venus, worshipped in her temple where her hundred altars are crowned with garlands, with "richest *incense* smoking," and breathing "sweet odors around." (Æneid I, 420.)

When Pagan emperors persecuted the early Christians, and there was doubt as to whether the person accused *was*, in fact, a foe to Paganism, what test was tried on him?

He was commanded to burn incense on the altar in the temple, and if he obeyed, he was released, *as being a Pagan*. But if he was a Christian, *he refused to burn the incense*, and thereby forfeited his life, as being a Christian.

The issue of life or death hung upon the incense-burning, for it was taken as proof of Paganism, *if* the prisoner burnt it.

When, at a later time, the Roman emperors were Christians and were persecuting the old Pagan religion, a law was made forbidding the burning of incense, and confiscating to the government any house in which the heathenish practise had taken place. (Laws of Theodosius.)

The antique sculptures representing Pagan worship show a boy-attendant of the heathen priest, dressed in sacred white vestments, and carrying in his hands the little box containing the incense for the altar.

Paganism, then, had its incense vessel, its surpliced altar-boys, and its altars breathing sweet perfume as the incense burned.

Paganism, *the name*, has passed away; but Paganism, *the thing*, still flourishes—WHERE?

Look into the Roman Catholic church, and see how precisely its incense-burning corresponds with that of Paganism, in the ancient days before Christ.

### HOLY WATER.

From the earliest times, men have had a reverence for particular streams, fountains, trees, mountains, and flowers.

They were said to be sacred to the deities. Mention the laurel, and we think of Apollo; name the oak, and we think of the Druid. To the Hindoo, the water of the river Ganges is holy. Sacred springs were common to the mythology of the Greeks and Romans.

Achilles was immersed in holy water to render him invulnerable. The sacred Lethe gave forgetfulness, as the Pagan drank. At every temple there was the vase of holy water, and the worshippers sprinkled themselves with it.

The Jews shared in this universal reverence for particular fountains and pools; and the belief was general that, at certain seasons, there was angelic influence and healing power given to this holy water—as we learn from the New Testament.

Just as the early Christians detested incense-burning, and became martyrs rather than imitate the Pagan custom, so the Fathers denounced the use of holy water in religious ceremony.

Justin Martyr says, "It was invented by demons, in imitation of the true baptism signified by the Prophets, in order that their votaries might also have their pretended purification by water. (Apol. I., p. 91.)

The Emperor Julian, the Apostate, gave wanton offense to the Christians by ordering that the victuals in the markets be sprinkled with the holy water of the Pagans. He thus forced them to choose between hunger and pollution, for if they ate the food, they considered themselves polluted; and if they avoided the victuals, they starved.

The Pagans made holy water, by putting salt into common water, blessing it, and making signs over it. This holy water was in use by the priests at funerals, and the exorcism of demons. It was a charm against disease, calamities, and sorrows. To sprinkle a chariot with it, was insurance against accidents on the road.

Bottles and phials of it were sent hither and thither, and the priests drove a lucrative trade in the sale of it.

Paganism is dead, we are told, but nobody tells the Catholics that holy water is a thing of the past. The Roman priests make it, in the same way that their Pagan predecessors made it; and the Roman priests do a brisk mercantile business in it, just as their Pagan prototypes did.

The good Catholic dips his finger in the sacred vessel, at the church door, in exactly the same manner as that of his ancient Pagan brother; and he wants it, at the funeral, just as the Greeks, Trojans and Romans used it.

Were the Pagans silly and superstitious in putting so much faith in salted water? Is the Hindoo an object of pity when he makes such sacrifices to reach the Ganges, drink it, bathe in it, and die with his feet in it—believing that the sacred stream will be his salvation?

Let us not say so: *he* has not looked into the radiant eyes of Western knowledge and intelligence: *he* gropes where his remote ancestors groped: progress has not touched him: superstition and he are brothers.

But the educated Catholic of today and of the West, the Catholic living, amid the marvellous triumphs of unfettered, inquisitive, independent, go-ahead intellect—what shall we say of *him*, and his stupid credulity? What *can* you say of a sane man who pretends to believe that a priest can impart miraculous virtue to water, by praying over it, and putting salt into it?

*Is he a Pagan?*

*In name*, he is NOT: IN FACT, HE IS.

"Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires," is the title of a book issued in 1899 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London; the author is M. M. Shoemaker. On page 27, there is an account of the visit made to the Hindu Temple at Madura, one of the grandest buildings dedicated to religious worship.

Sacred pools, or tanks, abound in Buddhistic lands, and at Madura the Pool of the Golden Lilies seems to be the most venerated.

Mr. Shoemaker says:

"The water in the tank of the golden lilies, some twelve feet deep, is a mass of green slime which must necessarily breed terrible diseases. Hindoos regard all the tanks as sacred, and their waters are blest by the gods, and therefore to be greatly sought after. They are undoubtedly the source from which cholera stalks forth, and, I doubt not, the plague also."

Then the author mentions the sacred well at Benares, "the birthplace of cholera," which scores its "hundreds of thousands of victims yearly," but which the British Government dares not clean and disinfect, for fear there will be a religious insurrection. (Page 28.)

Who has not read of the Moslem annual Pilgrimage to Mecca, and of the appalling scourges of cholera and plague which result from the use of the "holy water" at the Kaaba?

Throughout the Turkish Empire, there are sacred fountains, to which the faithful Mohammedans periodically journey, and whose waters effect miraculous cures, similar to those made at

Lourdes, and the various other sacred fountains of the Roman church.

It would be an easy task to demonstrate the significant fact that every one of the Great Religions of antiquity, which we have condemned as pagan, heathen, mythological, fabulous and absurd, encouraged this ridiculous superstition, concerning the miraculous virtues of particular waters.

LAMPS AND CANDLES.

Herodotus tells us that the ancient Egyptians were the first to introduce lighted lamps and candles in the religious ceremonial. At their annual festivals, the blaze of tapers illuminated the temple, *in the daytime*, to the disgust of the primitive Christians.

The Fathers of the church abominated the custom, and denounced as madmen the fanatics who lit candles to the God of Light. (Hospin. de Orig. Temp. 1, 2, 22.)

The Pagans kept lamps and candles burning around the images of their divinities.

Votive offerings of lamps, candles, pictures, &c., were made by the Pagans, in gratitude for escapes from shipwreck, destructive storms, earthquakes, and death by disease; and in each tmeple were preserved testimonials to the saving and healing done by the gods, at the intercession of the Pagan devotees.

VOTIVE OFFERINGS AT SHRINES.

Paganism *dead?*

The name is: the thing isn't. The ancients had no stronger faith in the miraculous cures of their Pagan deities than modern Catholics have in Saint Rita, St. Anthony, the Virgin, and St. Joseph.

Some of the identical stories of Pagan cures, sight-restoration, and miraculous recovery from incurable disease, are now attributed to Catholic "Saints."

The Catholic shrines at Canterburg, Loretto, Lourdes, Gaudaloupe, &c., were filled with votive offerings—vessels and images of solid gold, jewels of all kinds, and precious garments—in the same way that the Pagans piled up treasures in the temples of Apollo and Æsculapius.

Cicero tells the story of the atheistic philosopher, Diagoras, who, being in the temple amid votive offerings, was thus addressed by a devout Pagan:

"You who think of the gods take no notice of human affairs, do you not see here by this number of pictures how many people, *for the sake of their vows*, have been saved in storms at sea?"

The atheist answered—"Yes, I see how it is: those who are drowned do not give pictures."

Polydore Virgil, the Catholic historian of the Middle Ages, was candid enough to admit that the offerings of images in the Catholic church was an exact imitation of the superstition of the ancients. (Pol. Virg. de Inv. Rev. c. 1, 5. 1.)

The Pagans not only surrounded the shrines of favorite deities with lamps, candles, and paintings of cured arms, legs, &c., but they presented to the priests gorgeous vestments for these adored deities; and the statue of the god, or the goddess, would be kept dressed in these be-jeweled votive robes.

One Pagan would select Apollo, another Minerva; one prayed to Diana, another to Daphne or Venus; one invoked the aid of Castor and Pollux, another appealed to Jove, or to Juno.

Is it different *now*, when one Catholic adores the image of the Virgin, while another prays to Saint Rita? One Romanist relies implicitly upon St. Francis of Assissi, another on St. Anthony of Padua.

If the images of these "Saints" are not worshipped in exactly the spirit of the ancient Pagans, why does a Catholic devote himself to *one*, *in particular*, rather than to all, in general?

If the Catholic does not individually choose which Saint he will pray to, why don't all Catholics adore the same Saint, and leave the others alone?

To one Catholic, St. Rita or St. Antony will be the all-in-all: to another. St. Rita and St. Antony mean nothing particularly, while St. Anne or St. Joseph will command especial and assiduous adoration.

Can anybody maintain that a numer-

ous band of divinities accords with the teaching of the Hebrew Moses, or with that of Jesus Christ?

Humanly, the son of Mary, the Jewess, was a Hebrew, by birth, education and habit: he most assuredly taught the one-ness of God.

Not a line in Old or New Testament indicates the existence of a possible divided allegiance on the part of the Christians.

"Worship me! Have no other deities but me! Make no image of me! Let the chisel of stone-cutters, and the brush of painters avoid *me!*

Make images of men and women, fruits and flowers, beasts and birds: make pictures of land and sea, mountain and valley; but keep your irreverent sacrelegious arts off me!

I am the Lord thy God, and will tolerate no divided allegiance!"

Isn't that what Moses and the Prophets and the Ten Commandments *say?*

Isn't that what the Four Evangelists, what Paul, and what Christ himself said?

They swept all demigods into limbo, abolishing altars, heathen rites, and pantheistic mobs of intermediary divinities.

In the city of Rome there stands a noble temple called the Pantheon, built by a Pagan general, for the Pagan service; and it was so used, for many a year.

Go there today, and you can see the same temple used for an exact reproduction of the old Pagan worship; and the only difference between the temple-service there, at this time, and the service there, in Hadrian's time, is that Jupiter and his divine associates have given place to Christ and the Saints.

The Christians took the Pantheon, sprinkled it with holy water, casting out the heathen demons. Then the papists moved in, converted the pagan altars, lamps and statues to popery, installing a Saint for every demon expelled.

Agrippa, who built the Pantheon, consecrated it to his Pagan Jove: Pope Boniface IV. seized upon it, and consecrated it to the Virgin and all the Saints. The inscription over the portico commemorates the transfer; and the ceremonial performances, within, emphasize the fact that, while the name was changed, the worship is the same.

Jove, Agrippa, Paganism and *Pantheism*, yet live and flourish in the grand temple which the foremost Roman Pagan erected for his Pagan god, and to which he gave the Pagan name it yet bears—*Pantheon.*

Horace mentions a small temple near the Tiber, dedicated to the worship of Vesta, the patron saint of the Six Vestal Virgins. The temple remains, but Vesta has been ousted by the Virgin.

Catholics worship the Jewess, where Romans formerly adored a mythological ideal. (Horace, Cramil. 1. 2. Rom. Mod. Gior. 2. Rione di Ripa 5.)

Saint Adrian ejected Saturn from *his* temple at Rome, and has for centuries occupied sanctimoniously the Pagan house made for the Pagan god.

Romulus and Remus, the fabled founders of Pagan Rome, had a temple in the Sacred Way: Saints Cosmas and Damian now have it.

As everybody knows, Romulus was "exposed"—laid in a remote place to perish—when he was an infant; but a she-wolf suckled him, and he lived, as Moses and some other exposed children did. The Pagans venerated the place where the wolf saved Romulus, and they built a shrine on it, believing that ailing babes would here receive miraculous aid, as Romulus had done. For centuries, sickly children were brought here for cures.

When Paganism became Christian, and Roman Christianity became Pagan, the heathen Romulus was dispossessed, and the Saintly Theodorus installed at the shrine—and the miraculous benefit to infants went right on, without a stop.

So careful were the Pagans to move their sacred furniture into the Christian church, and so careful were the Roman Christians to lose nothing by the exchange, that the old Pagan *names* were preserved as nearly as possible.

Thus the temple of Apollo was rechristened under the name of Apollonaris: the temple of Bacchus was renamed, "*the church of St. Baccho.*"

The reasons are obvious: it was easier to invent serviceable Saints, than to erect imperishable temples.

The Christians gave to the Jewess, Mary, the Roman name of Madonna, commemorative of the Pagan goddess, *Bona Dea, the patron of motherhood.*

The Temple of Mars became the Church of Martina: and the Christian names, Quirinius, Romula, Redempta, Concordia, Nympha, and Mercurius, *represent a pious plagiarism from the mythological repertoire of the Pagans.* (Gior. 6. 37. Aring. Rom. Subt. l. 2. 21. l. 3. 12. l. 4. 16. 22. l. 5. 4.)

CREATING GOD, AND THEN CONSUMING HIM.

Thomas Carlyle speaks of the black men of Africa who construct an idol out of such crude materials as sticks and rags; and who then, after having made the scare-crow, bow down before it in worship.

Naturally, we consider this act of African ignorance and superstition to be the climax of human imbecility—but it isn't.

The Africans do not eat the gods which they have made with their hands, but the Roman Catholics do.

*They sow wheat, reap it, thresh it, grind it, turn it into God,* AND EAT IT.

The priest makes Christ out of the cooked flour, and the congregation of creatures swallow their Creator.

Since the Jews made a calf and knelt to it, no equal degradation of human reason has been reached.

The Jews made the calf out of gold: they did not even try to devour the god they had idiotically made; but the Catholics use rice-paste, or flour-paste to make *their* deity of, and then they eat their God!

The priests give it the name of the "*Eucharist*:" the changing of cookies into Christ, is called "*Transubstantiation.*"

Countless thousands of devout Christians were massacred, tortured, starved, and burned to death by blood-thirsty Rome, because those intelligent Christians *refused to deny facts.*

Bread remains bread, as long as it maintains the form and substance of bread; and Christians died in torment rather than profess the horrible lie of "transubstantiation."

There is no trace of this "miracle" in Holy Writ; and none in the history of the early church.

The monstrous superstition was hatched in the diseased brain of the monk Paschasius, more than 1,200 years after Christ.

When the Roman priest mutters a prescribed formula of words in Latin, over the flour-cake, or wafer, he lifts it on high in his hands.

The Catholics call this act "the elevation of the Host."

The wafer of cooked flour has become God, and the devotees fall prostrate before it.

Then the priest breaks God into little bits, and chunks one of these tiny bits of God into the mouth of each kneeling devotee.

The devotee must not let his teeth touch his piece of God, but must swallow it without chewing.

While the prostrate devotees are swallowing the God that the priest made in Latin, the priest refreshes himself with a glass of rich wine.

He claims to have turned the wine into Christ, at the same time that he transubstantiated the wafer; but he doesn't divide the cup.

*He keeps it all for himself.*

To render this monstrosity the more ludicrous and preposterous, the Catholic theory is, that each bit of the broken wafer is the complete body of Christ; and that the cup of wine is also a complete God.

Consequently, the priest drinks all of Christ, at the same time that the congregation eats as many Gods as there are different pieces of the bread.

If a tribe of degraded Hottentots, or Australian bushman, practised any such revolting idolatry as *that*, the traveller who first informed Christendom of it would be laughed at, as an unconscionable liar.

The historian, David Hume, classes

"transubstantiation" as the most stupendous victory that superstition ever won over human intelligence. So it is.

A person who is the priest's dupe, *in this*, is more than prepared to believe that he will be serving the God, *whom the priests can create*, by slaughtering fellow creatures who *despise* the priest, the "miracle," and the dupe.

Ceres was the Grecian goddess of the harvest; and when her devotees ate wheat-cakes, at her annual festival, they said that they were eating Ceres, the rite being *symbolical.*

So, Bacchus was the god of the vineyard; and when his devotees drank wine at his festivals, they said they were drinking Bacchus, the rite being *symbolical.*

Those Greek Pagans did not sottishly accept the doctrine that they were *literally* devouring the mythological gods.

But the Catholics claim to eat God, *literally;* and therefore each devotee at the altar-rail, opening his mouth for *his* little chunk of the Almighty, believes that he swallows an entire Christ—head and feet, hair and hands, bones and bowels!

*Nothing more utterly loathsome ever entered* ANY *religion.*

### IMAGES OF GOD, CHRIST, THE CROSS, THE VIRGINS, ETC.

In the book of Deuteronomy (xii. 2, 3.) the Jews were commanded as follows:

"Ye shall utterly destroy the places wherein the nations served their gods upon the high mountains and upon the hills, and under every green tree.

And ye shall overthrow their altars, break their pillars, burn their groves, *and hew down the graven images of their gods.*"

This *repeats* the command given to Moses in Exodus, 34, 13, 14, 17:

"But ye shall *destroy their altars, break their images* . . . .

For thou shalt worship no other god, for the Lord, whose *name* is Jealous, is a jealous God. . . . . Thou shalt make thee no molten gods!"

How many Catholics know that, in the Bible, God expressly says that his "*name* is Jealous."

In the Ten Commandments the same prohibition is even more broadly and definitely enjoined:

"Thou shall not *make* unto thee *any* graven *image*, or *any* likeness of *anything* that is in heaven, &c.

Thou shalt not bow down to them. . . *what?* To *any* image, or *any* likeness of divine things. Exodus 20: 4, 5.

The Catholic Bible translates the Command thus:

"Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor likeness of anything that is in heaven, &c. Thou shalt not *adore* them, &c.

Do they make them?
*They do.*
Bow down to them?
*They do.*
Adore them?
*They do.*

In all Roman Catholic lands, the image is in evidence; and in the church, in the street, and along the roadside, you may see the devotee kneeling before the graven image, or the painted likeness, adoring, praying, and bringing votive offerings.

*Is it idolatry?*

It is exactly what the Pagans *did*, and the only difference that can be discerned is, *the changes in the names.*

The old Romans, we know, had their gods, who presided peculiarly over the roads, streets, and highways, called Viales, Semitales, Compitales: whose little temples or altars are decked with flowers, or whose statues at least coarsely carved of wood or stone, were placed at convenient distances in the public ways, for the benefit of travellers, who used to step aside to pay their devotions to those rural shrines, and beg a prosperous journey and safety in their travels. **Apulei. Florid. 1. Plaut. Merc. 5; 2.**

..Now this custom prevails still so generally in all Popish countries, but especially in Italy, that one can see no other difference between the old and present superstition, than that of changing the name of the Deity, and christening as it were the old **Hecate in triviis**, by the new name of **Maria in trivio**; by which title, one of ttheir churches is dedicated in Rome: **Rom. Mod. Gior. Rion. di Colonna, c. 11**; and as the heathens used to paint over the ordinary statues of their gods, with red or some such gay color, **Fictilem fuisse et ideo**

miniari solitum. Plin. Hist. N. 4. 35. 12. et a Cansoribus Jovem miniandum locari. l. 33. 7. It. Pausan. 2. 2; so the soarse images of those saints are daubed over with a gaudy red, as to resemble exactly the description of the God Pan in Virgil, Eclogue 10.

In passing along the road, it is common to see travellers on their knees before these rustic altars; which none ever presume to approach without some act of reverence; and those who are most in haste, or at a distance, are sure to pull off their hats, at least, in token of respect.

But besides those images and altars, there are frequently erected on the road huge wooden crosses; Durant. de Ritib. 1. 6. dressed out with flowers, and hung round with the trifling offerings of the country people; which always reminds me of the superstitious veneration, which the heathens used to pay to some old trunks of trees or posts, set up in the highways which they held sacred, Tibul. Eleg. 1; 11:—or that venerable oak in Ovid, Metamer. 8; covered with garlands and votive offerings.

Among the rugged mountains of the Alps in Savoy very near to a little town called Modena, there stands on the top of rock, a chapel with a miraculous image of our Lady which is visited with great devotion by the people, and sometimes we are told, by the king himself; being famous, it seems for a miracle of a singular kind; the restoring of dead-born children to life; but so far only, as to make them capable of baptism, after which they again expire: and our landlord assured me, that there was daily proof of the truth of this miracle, in children brought from all quarters to be presented before this shrine; who never failed to show manifest tokens of life, by stretching out their arms, or opening their eyes, or even sometimes making water, whilst they were held by the priest in presence of the image.

On top of Mount Senis, the highest mountain of the Alps, in the same passage of Savoy covered with perpetual snow, they have another chapel, in which they perform divine service once a year, in the month of August; and sometimes to the destruction of the whole congregation, by the accident of a sudden tempest in a place so elevated and exposed. And this surely comes up to the description of the worship, which the Jews were commanded to extirpate from the face of the earth: "Ye shall utterly destroy the places wherein the nations served their gods upon the high mountains and upon the hills, and under every green tree. And ye shall overthrow their altars, break their pillars, burn their groves, and hew down their graven images of their gods." Deuteron. xii. 2, 3.

When we enter their towns, the case is still the same, as it was in the country; we find every where the same marks of idolatry, and the same reasons to make us fancy that we are still treading Pagan ground; whilst at every corner we see images and altars, with lamps or candles burning before them; exactly answering to the descriptions of the ancient writers; Omnibus vicis Statuæ, ad eas Thus. et Cerei. Cic. off. 3. 26; and to what Tertullian reproaches the heathens with, that their streets, their markets, their baths were not without an idol. De Spectac. c. 8. But above all, in the pomp and solemnity of their holy-days, and especially their religious processions, we see the genuine remains of heathenism, and proof enough to convince us, that this is still the same Rome, which old Numa first tamed and civilized by the arts of religion: who as Plutarch says, in Numa, "by the institution of supplications and processions to the gods, which inspire reverence, whilst they gave pleasure to their spectators, and by pretended miracles, and divine apparitions, reduced the fierce spirits of his subjects under the power of superstition."

The descriptions of the religious pomps and processions of the heathens, come so near to what we see on every festival of the Virgin or other Romish Saint, that one can hardly help thinking those Popish ones to be still regulated by the old ceremonial of Pagan Rome. At these solemnities the chief magistrates used frequently to assist in robes of ceremony; attended by the Priests in surplices, with wax candles in their hands carrying upon a pageant or thensa the images of their gods, dressed out in their best clothes. These were usually followed by the principal youth of the place, in white linen vestments or scruples, singing hymns in honor of the god, whose festival they were celebrating; accompanied by crowds of all sorts, that were initiated in the same religion, all with flambeaux or wax candles in their hands.

Tournefort in his travels through Greece, refleects upon the Greek church, for having retained and taken intot their present worship many of the images of the saints, in their procession, to singing and music. Lit. 3. 44. The reflecton is full as applicable to his own, as it is to the Greek church, and the practice itself, is so far from giving scandal in Italy, that the learned publisher of the Florentine Inscriptions takes occasion to show the conformity between them and the heathens, from this very instance of carrying about the pictures of their saints, as the Pagans did those of their gods, in their sacred processions. Inscript. Antiq. Flor. 377.

Seneca, alluding to the very same effects of fanaticism in Pagan Rome, says. "So great is the force of it on disordered minds, that they try to appease the gods by such methods, as an enraged man would hardly take to revenge himself.

But, if there be any gods, who desire to be worshipped after this manner, they do not deserve to be worshipped at all: since the very worst of tyrants, though they have sometimees torn and tortured people's limbs, yet have never commanded men to torture themselves." **Fragm. apud. Lipsii Elect. 1. 2. 18.**

If I had leisure to examine the pretended miracles, and pious frauds of the Romish church, I should be able to trace them all from the same source of Paganism, and find, that the Priests of new Rome are not degenerated from their predecessors in the art of forging these holy impostures: which, as Livy observes of old Rome; **l. 24. 10**; were always multiplied in proportion to the credulity and disposition of the poor people to swallow them.

In the early times of the republic, in the war with the Latins, the gods Castor and Pollux are said to have appeared on white horses, in the Roman army, which by their assistance gained a complete victory. In memory of which, the general Posthmius vowed and built a temple publicly to those deities; and for a proof of the fact, there was shown, we find, in Cicero's time, the mark of the horses' hoofs on a rock at Regillum, where they first appeared. **Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 3. 5. ib. 2. 2. de Div. 1. 34.**

Now, this miracle, with many others, that I could mention of the same kind, **Cic. Nat. D. 2. 2. Plutar, in vila P. Æmil. Val. Max. c. 8. 1. L. Flor. l. 1. 11. l. 1. 12**; has, I dare say, as authentic attestation, as any which the Papists can produce; the decree to confirm it; a temple erected in consequence of it; visible marks of the fact on the spot where it was transacted; and all this supported by the concurrent testimony of the best authors of antiquity; amongst whom Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, **l. 6. p. 337**; that there was subsisting in his time at Rome many evident proofs of its reality, besides a yearly festival, with a solemn sacrifice and procession in memory of it: yet, for all this, these stories were but the jest of men of sense, even in the times of heathenism; **Cic, ibid. 3. 5**; and seem so extravagant to us how there could ever be any so simple as to believe them.

What better opinion then can we have, of all those of the same stamp in the Popish legends, which they have plainly built on this foundation, and copied from this very original? Not content with barely copying, they seldom fail to improve the old story, with some additional forgery and invention of their own.—Thus, in the present case instead of two persons on white horses, they take care to introduce three; and not only on white horses, but at the head of white armies; as in an old history of the holy wars, written by a pretended eyewitness, and published by Mabillon, it is solemnly affirmed of St. George, Demetrius, and Theodorus. **Bell. Sac. Hist. in Mabill. Iter. Ital. T. 1. Par. 2. p. 148, 155.**

They show us to in several parts of Italy, the marks of hands and feet on rocks and stones, said to have been effected miraculously by the apparition of some saint or angel on the spot: just as the impression of Hercules' feet was shown of old on a stone in Scythia, **Herodot. l. 4. p. 251.**, exactly resembling the footsteps of a man. And they have also many churches and public monuments erected, in testimony of such miracles. Of saints and angels fighting visibly for them in their battles, which though always as ridiculous as the above-mentioned, are not yet supported by half so good evidence of their reality. There is an altar of marble in St. Peter's, one of the greatest pieces of modern sculpture, representing in figures as large as life, the story of Attila king of the Huns, who in full march toward Rome with a victorious army, in order to pillage it, was frighted and driven back by the apparition of an angel in the time of Pope Leo I.

The castle and church of St. Angelo have their title from the apparition of an angel over the place, in the time of Gregory the Great. **Moder. Giorn. 1. Boldonii Epigraph. l. 2. p. 349. Rion. di Borgo. 1.**

"The religion of Ceres and Enna was celebrated, as Cicero inform us, with a wonderful devotion, both in public and private through all Sicily; for her presence and divinity had been frequently manifested to them by numerous prodigies, and many people had received immediate help from her in their utmost distress. Her image therefore in that temple was held in such veneration, that whenever men beheld it, they fancied themselves beholding either Ceres herself, or the figure of her at least not made by human hands, but dropt down to them from heaven." Now, if in the place of Ceres of Enna, we should insert into this religion, our Lady of Loretto, or of Impruneta, or any other miraculous image in Italy; the very same account would suit as exactly with the history of the modern saint, as it is told by the present Romans, as it formerly did with that of Ceres, as it is transmitted to us by the ancients. And what else indeed are all their miraculous images, which we see in every great town, said to be made by angels, and sent to them from heaven, **Aring Rom. subter. l. 5. c. 5. Mountfauc. Diar. ibid. 136**; but mere copies of the ancient fables of the **Diopetes Agalma**, or image of Diana dropt from the clouds; Act. Apost. c. xix. 35. or the Palladium of Troy, which according to old authors, **Pitisci Lexic. Antiquitat.**, was a wooden statue three cubits long, which fell from heaven.

In one of their churches (Rome,) they show a picture of the Virgin, which, as

their writers affirm, **Rom. Modrn. Giorn. 2 Rion. di Ripa. c. 43,** was brought down from heaven with great pomp, and after having hung a while with surprising lustre in the air, in the sight of all the clergy and people of Rome, was delivered by angels into the hands of Pope John I., who marched out in solemn procession, in order to receive that celestial present. And is not this exactly of a piece with the old Pagan story of King Numa, when in this same city he issued from his palace, with priests and people after him, and with public prayer and solemn devotion received the ancile, or heavenly shield, which in the presence of all the people of Rome, was sent down to him with much the same formality from the clouds? **Ov. Fast. l. 3.** And as that wise prince, for the security of his heavenly present, ordered several others to be made so exactly like it, that the original could not be distinguished; so the Romish Priests have thence taken the hint, to form after each celestial pattern, a number of copies so perfectly resembling each other, as to occasion endless squabbles among themselves about their several pretensions to the divine original.

The rod of Moses, with which he performed his miracles, is still preserved, as they pretend, and shown with great devotion, in one of the principal churches; and just so the rod of Romulus, with which he performed his auguries, was preserved by the Priests as a sacred relic in old Rome, and kept with great reverence from being touched or handled by the people: **Plutar. in Camil. 145. D.** which rod too, like most of the Popish relics, had the testimony of a miracle in proof of its sanctity; for when the temple, where it was kept, was burnt to the ground, it was found entire under the ashes, and untouched by the flames. **Valer. Max. c. 8. 10. It. Cic. de Divin. l. 17. Plutar, in Rom.,** which same miracle has been borrowed and eactxly copied by the present Romans, in many instances; particularly, in a miraculous image of our Saviour in John Lateran; over which the flames, it seems, had no power, though the church itself has been twice destroyed by fire.

Nothing is more common among the miracles of Popery, than to hear of images, that on certain occasions had spoken; or shed tears; or sweat; or bled. And do not we find the very same stories in all the heathen writers? Of which I could bring numberless examples from old, as well as new Rome, from Pagan as well as Popish legends. Rome, as the describer of it says, abounds with those treasures, of speaking images. But he laments the negligence of their ancestors, in not recording, so particularly as they ought, the very words and other circumstances of such conversations. They show us here an image of the Virgin, which reprimanded Gregory the Great, for passing by her too carelessly. And in St. Paul's church, a crucifix, which spoke to St. Bridgid. **Mabill, D. Italic. p. 133.** Durantus mentions another Madonna, which spoke to the sexton, in commendation of the piety of one of her votaries. **Durant. de Rit. l. 1 c. p. 5.** And did not the image of Fortune do the same, or more in old Rome? Which, as authors say, spoke twice in praise of those matrons, who had dedicated a temple to her. **Valer. Max. l. 8.**

They have a church here dedicated to Mary the Weeper, or to a Madonna famous for shedding tears. **St. del. Pianto. Rom. mod. Gior. 3. Rion. della Regosa 5.** They show an image too of our Saviour, which for some time before the sacking of Rome wept so heartily, that the good fathers of the monastery were employed in wiping its face with cotton. And was not the case just the same among their ancestors, when on the approach of some public calamity, the statue of Apollo, as Livy tells us, wept for three days and nights successively. **Liv. l. 43. 13.** They have another church built in honor of an image, which bled very plentifully, from a blow given to it by a blasphemer. And were not the old idols too as full of blood, when as Livy relates, all the images in the temple of Juno were seen to sweat with drops of it? **Liv. 23. 31. 27. 4.**

All which prodigies, as well modern as ancient, are derived from the same source; the contrivance of priests or governors, in order to draw gain or advantage out of the poor people, upon whom they thus impose.

Xenophon, though himself much addicted to superstition, speaking of the prodigies, which preceded the battle of Leuctra, and protended victory to the Thebans, tells us that some people looked upon them as all forged and contrived by the magistrates, the better to animate and encourage the multitude; and as the originals themselves were but impostures, it is no wonder, that the copies of them appear such gross and bungling forgeries. **Xenophon. Ellen. l. 9.**

There is in Herodotus, **l. 4. p. 235.**, not unlike the account, which is given of the famed travels of the house of Loretto; of certain sacred mystical things, that travelled about from country to country, and after many removals and journeys, settled at last, for good and all, in Delos. But this imposture of the holy house might be suggested rather as Addison has observed, Travels from Pesaro to Rome, by the extraordinary veneration paid in old Rome to the cottage of its founder Romulus: which was held sacred by the people, and repaired with great care from time to time, with the same kind of materials, so as to be kept up in the same form, in which it was originally built. **Dion. Halicar. l. 1.** It was turned also like this other cottage of our Lady, into a temple, and had divine services per-

formed in it, till it happened to be burnt down by the fire of a sacrifice in the time of Augustus: **Dio. l. 48. p. 347.** But what makes the similitude still more remarkable is, that this pretended cottage of Romulus was shown on the Capitoline Hill: **Val. Max. l. 4. c. 11:** whereas it is certain that Romulus himself lived on Mount Palatin: **Plutarch. in Rom. p. 30. Dion Hal. 2. p. 110.** So that if it had been the house of Romulus, it must needs, like the holy house of Leretto, have taken a leap into the air, and suffered a miraculous translation, though not from so great a distance, yet from one hill at least to the other.

But if we follow their own writers, it is not the holy house of Leretto, but the homely cradle of our Saviour, that we should compare rather with the little house of Romulus: which cradle is now shown in Mary the Great, and on Christmas-day exposed on the high altar to the adoration of the people; being held in the same veneration by present Rome, as the humble cottage of its founder had been by its old inhabitants. "Rome," says Baronius, **Annal. 1. Christi. 5. It. Aring. Rom. Subt. l. 6. 1.** "is now in possession of that noble monument of Christ's nativity, made only of wood, withoutt any ornament of silver or gold, and is made more happily illustrious by it, than it was of old by the cottage of Romulus; which, though built only with mud and straw, our ancestors preserved with great care for many ages."

The melting of St. Januarius' blood at Naples, whenever it is brought to his head, which is done with great solemnity on the day of his festival, **Aring. Rom. Subt. l. 1. 16.**, whilst at all other times it continues dry and congealed in a glass phial, is one of the standing and most authentic miracles of Italy. Yet Addison, who twice saw it performed, assures us, that instead of appearing to be a real miracle he thought it one of the most bungling tricks that he had ever seen. Trav. at Naples.

Mabillon's account of the fact seems to solve it very naturally, without the help of a miracle: **Iter. Ital. p. 106:** for during the time that a Mass or two are celebrated in the church, the other Priests are tampering with this phial of blood, which is suspended all the while in such a situation, that as soon as any of it begins to melt by the heat of their hands, or other management, it drops of course into the lower side of the glass which is empty; upon the first discovery of which, the miracle is proclaimed aloud, to the great joy and edification of the people.

But by what way soever it be effected, it is plainly nothing else, but the copy of an old cheat of the same kind, transacted near the same place, which Horace makes himself merry with on his journey to Brundusium; telling us, how the Priest would have imposed upon him and his friends, at a town called Gnatia; by persuading them, that the frankincense in the temple used to dissolve and melt miraculously of itself, without the help of fire. **Sat. l. 5. v. 98.**

It would be endless to run through all the Popish miracles which are evidently forged, or copied from the originals of Paganism; since there is scarcely a prodigy in the old historians, or a fable in the old poets but what is transcribed into their legends, and swallowed by their silly bigots, as certain and undoubted facts.

The story of Arion, the musician riding triumphant with his harp on the back of a dolphin, that took him up when thrown overboard at sea, one would think is too grossly fabulous to be applied to any person of Christian superstition. Yet our present Romans so far surpass the old in fable and imposture, that out of this single story they have coined many of the same stamp, of dolphins taking up and bringing ashore with great pomp several of their saints, both dead and alive, who had been thrown into the sea by infidels, either to drown, or to deprive them of burial **Aring. Rom. Subterr. l. 1. c. 9. 10.**

The Popish writers themselves are forced to allow, that many both of their relics, and their miracles have been forged by the craft of Priests, for the sake of money and lucre. Durantus,a zealous defender of all their ceremonies, gives several instances of the former; particularly of the bones of a common thief, which had for some time been honored with an altar, and worshipped under the title of a saint. **Durant. de Ritib. l. 1. c. 25.** And for the latter; Lyra, in his comment on Bel and the Dragon, observes that sometimes also in the church, very great cheats are put upon the people, by false miracles, contrived, or countenanced at least, by their Priests for some gain and temporal advantage. **Nic. Lyr. in Dan. c. 14.**

The refuge or protection given to all who fly to the church for shelter, is a privilege directly transferred from the heathen temple to the Popish churches; and has been practised in Rome, from the time of its founder Romulus; who in imitation of the cities of Greece, opened an asylum or sanctuary to fugitives of all nations. **Ov. Fast. 3.**

In the early ages of Christianity, there were many limitations put upon the use of that privilege by emperors and councils; and the greater crimes of murder, adultery, theft, &c., were especially expected from the benefit of it. **Justin. Novel. 17. c. 7.** But now they scruple not to receive to sanctuary, even the most detestable crimes; and it is ownig without doubt to this policy of the church, that murders are so common with them in Italy on slight provocations; whilst there is a church always at hand and always open to secure offenders from legal punishment.

In their very priesthood, they have contrived to keep up as near a resemblance,

as they could, to that of Pagan Rome: and to the sovereign Pontiff, instead of deriving his succession from Peter, who, if ever he was at Rome, did not reside there at least in any worldly pomp or splendor, may with more reason and much better plea, style himself the successor of the Pontifiex Maximus, or chief priest of old Rome; whose authority and dignity was the greatest in the republic; and who was looked upon as the arbiter or judge of all things, civil as well as sacred, human as well as divine :whose power established almost with the foundation of the city, "was an omen," says Polydore Virgil, "and sure presage of priestly majesty, by which Rome was once again to reign as universally, as it had done before by the force of its arms." **Pol. Vir. In rer. 4. 11.**

But of all the sovereign pontiffs of Pagan Rome, it is very remarkable that Caligula was the first who ever offered his foot to be kissed by any who approached him: which raised a general indignation through the city, to see themselves reduced to suffer so great an indignity. Those who endeavored to excuse it, said that it was not done out of insolence, but vanity; and for the sake of showing his golden slepper, set with jewels. Seneca declaims upon it as the last affront to liberty; and the introduction of a Persian slavery into the manners of Rome. **Senec. de benef. 1. 2. 12.**

Yet, this servile act, unworthy either to be imposed or complied with by man, is now the standing ceremonial of Christian Rome, and a necessary condition of access to the reigning Popes; though derived from no better origin, than the frantic pride of a brutal Pagan tyrant.

The great variety of their religious orders and societies of priests seems to have been formed upon the plan of the old colleges or fraternities of the Augurs, Pontifices, Selli, Fratres Arvales, &c. The vestal Virgins might furnish the hint for the foundation of nunneries: and I have observed something very like to the rules and austerities of the monastic life, in the character and manner of several priests of the heathens, who used to live by themselves retired from the world, near to the temple or oracle of the deity to whose particular service they were devoted; as the Selli, the Priests of Dodonæn Jove, or self-mortifying race. From the character of those Selli, or as others call them Elli, the Monks of the Pagan world; seated in the fruitful soil of Dodona; abounding, as Hesiod describes it, with every thing that could make life easy and happy; and whither no man ever approached them without an offering in his hands, we may learn, whence their successors of modern times have derived their peculiar skill or prescriptive right, of choosing the richest part of every country for the place of their settlement. **Sophoc. Trachin. p. 340. v. 1175. Schol. Triclin.**

But above all, in the old descriptions of the lazy mendicant Priests among the heathens, who used to travel from house to house, with sacks on their backs; and, from an opinion of their sanctity, raise large contributions of money, bread, wine, and all kinds of victuals, for the support of their fraternity, we see the very picture of the begging friars; who are always about the streets in the same habit, and on the same errand, and never fail to carry home with them a good sack full of provisions for the use of their convent. **Apuleius Metam. l. 8. p. 262.**

Cicero, in his book of laws, restrains this practice of begging, or gathering alms, to one particular order of Priests, and that only on certain days; because, as he says, it propagates superstition, and impoverishes families. Which may let us see the policy of the church of Rome, in the great care that they have taken to multiply their begging orders. **Cic. de Legib. l. 2. 9, 16.**

I could easily carry on this parallel, through many more instances of the Pagan and Popish ceremonies, to show from what spring all that superstition flows, which we so justly charge them with, and how vain an attempt it must be, to justify by the principles of Christianity, a religion formed upon the plan, and after the very pattern of pure heathenism. I shall not trouble myself with inquiring at what time, and what manner, those several corruptions were introduced into the church: whether they were contrived by the intrigues and avarice of Priests, who found their advantage in reviving and prapagating impostures, which had been of old so profitable to their predecessors; or whether the genius of Rome was so strongly turned to fanaticism and superstition, that they were forced, in condescension to the humor of the people, to dress up their new religion to the modes and fopperies of the old. This, I know, is the principle, by which their own writers defend themselves, as oft as they are attacked on this head.

Aringhus, in his account of subterraneous Rome, acknowledges this conformity between the Pagan and Popish rites, and defends the adminission of the ceremonies of heathenism into the service of the church, by the authority of their wisest Popes and Governors: "who found it necessary," he says "in the conversion of the Gentiles to dissemble and wink at many things, and yield to the times; and not to use force against customs, which the people are so obstinately fond of; nor to think of extirpating at once every thing, that had the appearance of profane; but to supersede in some measure the obligation of the sacred laws; till those converts convinced themselves by degrees, and informed of the whole truth, by the suggestions of the Holy Spirit, should be con-

tent to submit in earnest to the yoke of Christ." **Aring. Rom. subter. Tom. 1. Lib. 1. Cap. 21.**

It is by those principles, that the Jesuits defend the concessions, which they make at this day to their proselytes in China; who, where pure Christianity will not go down, never scruple to compound the matter between Jesus and Confucius; and prudently allow, what the stiff old prophets so impolitely condemned, a partnership between God and Baal: of which though they have often been accused at the court of Rome, yet I have never heard, that their conduct has been censured. But this kind of reasoning, how plausible soever it may be, with regard to the first ages of Christianity, or to nations just converted from Paganism, is so far from excusing the present Gentilism of the church of Rome, that it is a direct condemnation of it; since the necessity alleged for the practice, if ever it had any real force, has not, at least for many ages past, at all subsisted: and their toleration of such practices, however useful at first for reconciling heathens to Christianity, seems now to be the readiest way to drive Christians back again to heathenism.

From **Congers Middleton: POPERY AND PAGANISM.**

## APPENDIX.

### JESUIT'S OATH.

(Proven in Parliament of Paris, in Lavalette case, 1704.)

"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John Baptist, the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Saints and Sacred Host of Heaven, and to you my ghostly father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that Pope Gregory is Christ's Vicar-General, and is the true and only head of the universal church throughout the earth; andt hat by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, and governments, all being illegal, without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed: therefore to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend tnis doctrine and his Holiness' rights and customs against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended authority and England, and all adherents, in regard that they be usurped and heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state, named Protestants, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers. I do further declare that the doctrine of the church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of other Protestants, to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare, that I will help, assist, and advise all, or any of his holiness' agents in any place wherever I shall be; and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagating of the Mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agent's counsels, as they entrust me, and not to divulge directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstance whatsoever; but to execute all what shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or by any of his convent. All which I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably: and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of the Eucharist; and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of this holy convent."

### FORM OF ANATHEMA IN SPAIN.

In 1771, a mandate was issued by the Inquisitors of heretical pravity, in the city of Vallodolid, Castile; to all the inhabitantts, requiring them under the usual ecclesiastical penalties, to make known to the Inquisitors, within a limited time any offences on the subject of heresy, which might come to their knowledge. In pursuance of which by an Edict of the same year, those who failed to give the required information were excommunicated. If they persisted in their reserve or contumacy, for another term, or six days, the Inquisitors declared, that they anthematied them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and pronounced upon them the malediction by which they became accursed, and as members of the Devil, were separated from the bosom and union of the Holy Mother Church.

To adopt their express words, "we command all ecclesiastical persons," that they hold them as such, and curse them, so that they may fall under the indignation of Almighty God.

"Let all the maledictions and plagues of Egypt which came upon king Pharoah and his country on account of their disobedience to the command of God, come upon them.

"Let them be cursed in the city and in the country, and wherever they are, eating

and drinking, waking and sleeping, living and dying.

"Cursed be the fruits of their lands, and the cattle which they possess.

"Let God send upon them famine and pestilence to consume them. Let them be overtaken by their enemies, and hated by all. Let the devil be always at their right hand. When they come to judgment let them be condemned, let their goods and property be transferred to strangers, and usurpers spoil them. Let their wickedness be ever remembered before God. Let them be cursed with all the maledictions of the Old and New Testaments. Let the curse of Sodom and Gomorra come upon them, and may they burn in the flame in which they burned. Let the earth swallow them up, as Dathan and Abiram, for the sin of disobedience. Let them be cursed like Lucifer, and with all the demons of hell, where let them remain in the company of the perverse Judas, and the other damned, for ever, till they acknowledge their sin, imploring mercy and amending their life. And we command the people that they say, Amen.

"And we command the Archpriests, Vicars, Curates, Chaplains and sacrists, under pain of the greater excommunication, that in the accustomed form they anathematize them, repeating the Psalm," &c. "Carrying before them a cross, covered with mourning, and lighted candles in their hands, they are to quench them in water as a mark of their perdition and contumacy, saying: As these candles die in this water, so let their souls die in hell. The bells are then to be rung, while they, the Priests, proceed in the cursing the obstinate heretics."

If they persist in their contumacy a year longer they are to be considered as of suspected faith, and to be dealt with according to the utmost rigor of the law.

The form of Anathema is given at length in the collection **El Orden que se ha de tener, &c.** And afterwards the **Psalm, Antiphona, &c.** The water in which the flambeaux and candles are quenched is **holy water.**

Such is the genuine spirit and practice of Popery **when in power**; and if Protestants will give it, let them thank themselves for the **consequences.**

# The Woman of Babylon

Joseph Hocking

*This Story will be Issued in Book Form. Back numbers of the Magazine cannot be supplied.*

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH.

"You think Harrington and I have been right in our conjectures, then?" asked Walter.

"Think!" cried Mr. Jordan. "It is not a matter of thinking; it is a dead certainty. It is one of the cleverest things I have heard of for years. That Ritzoom must be a man among a thousand. It shows, moreover, in what a state the laws concerning these convents are, when a man like Harrington has been searching for her for more than two years without result."

"You see, we were blocked on every hand. The law gave us no power whereby we could enter these places and make full investigation. Up to a certain point nothing could seem more open and above board than were these convents; but the moment we tried to get beneath the surface we were met with a *non possumus*. Of course, they urged that any close investigation would be sacrilege."

"Exactly." It was Mr. Williams who spoke. "Now, Mr. Raymond, we speak to you as a brother lawyer. What do you suppose will be their course of procedure?"

"Well, after the funeral the terms of the will will become known. If anyone wishes to know it in exact detail, a shilling paid at Somerset House will make it possible. Then, of course, there will be the probate of the will, and naturally the amount of my father's possessions will be published in the newspapers."

"Exactly. And then?"

"Well, I presume that the head of the Order to which Joyce belongs will put in his claim for the money."

"Then we step in," said Mr. Jordan. "Then we can fight them."

"How?"

It was Mr. Williams who put in the interrogative word.

"How?" repeated Mr. Jordan. "Why, in many ways."

"Name one," said the older man.

"Of course, there is the identity of the heiress."

"Exactly, but what then?"

"What then?"

"Yes, what then? Because according to my information, a nun makes over all her property, whether actual or prospective, to the Order which she joins. Very well, these people, who have undoubtedly been working for this, step in and make the claim. We urge that the money has been given to Miss Joyce Raymond; they retort by showing a deed of gift whereby all her possessions are made over to the Order. What can we do?"

"Deeds of gift are very shaky during the lifetime of the donor;

besides, we could urge that this deed of gift was made as a minor, or that it was made in ignorance of the amount of her possessions."

"What is your daughter's age, Mr. Raymond?"

"Twenty-one next Monday."

Mr. Williams looked grave.

"What is Mr. Harrington's opinion, Mr. Raymond?" he asked.

"He takes a very pessimistic view," replied Raymond. "He urges that if Ritzoom, who knows all the ins and outs of the English law, was able to hide her successfully from us for two years, he will see to it that the thing for which he has been scheming shall come to pass."

"I agree with Mr. Harrington," said the older lawyer. "Of course, it is said that the Jesuits have no communities of women in their Order. This may be strictly true, but I know there are communities of women which not only adopt the Jesuit rule, but which are more or less under their direction or control. And this Ritzoom is evidently a clever, daring man. I must confess that I have wondered why your father was led to alter his will; but I discovered that General Gray and old Sir Charles Traunce strongly advised him."

"Yes, and they will have been influenced in their turn by Ritzoom's creatures, who posed as Protestants. Of course, we can prove nothing; but to me it is plain enough."

"Exactly."

This was Mr. Williams' favourite term, and it was said by some that he used it so well and so wisely that he thereby intimidated some, while he made others believe that his knowledge was far deeper than it really was.

"My own feeling is this," continued Walter. "When once Joyce sees us, when once she gets into conversation with us, we shall be able to break whatever power these people have obtaind overhr."

"Let us hope so, Mr. Raymond," said the older lawyer; "but, from all I have heard, a woman, after she has been under the influence of these ecclesiastics for a year or two, is bound absolutely, body and soul: that she dares do nothing contrary to their wills."

"There have been cases which have proved the opposite."

"Of course, there may be exceptions."

"I have faith that this will be. I know my Joyce. She is a clever, far-seeing girl. They have doubtless played upon her ignorance and her fears when she was eighteen or nineteen; but I believe her strong nature and her early training will assert itself when she sees us, and then——"

"But if after next Monday she bestows all her property on her Order, nothing can be done."

"But we can still save her from the life of a convent."

"I am simply thinking of the property," remarked the lawyer.

For a long time they discussed the *pros* and *cons* of the business; but to a large extent they were arguing in the dark. They were simply dealing with conjectures and possibilities, and whichever way they turned they were met with the fact that Ritzoom's course of action was to them an unknown quantity.

"We have a difficult work, Mr. Raymond," said the older lawyer, after a conversation that lasted more than two hours, "and all we can say is this: we will do our best to save not only your daughter, but your daughter's money; but, speaking as an older man than

you—yes, speaking from the experience of forty years as a lawyer, I do not hold out much hope."

"You believe they will get my father's fortune?"

"I do."

"And yet my father hated the Papacy."

"Doubtless. Still, that does not count. A large sum is given to your daughter, unconditionally; and if she feels disposed to give it to the Romanist Church no one can stop her."

"We might dispute the will," said Mr. Jordan, who was eager to be mixed up in a big lawsuit.

"On what grounds?"

"That the money was given to Miss Raymond on the understanding that she was a strong Protestant, and that for it to go to the Roman Catholics would be a violation of Mr. Raymond's most cherished opinions."

"Why?"

"Because no mention is made of it in the will itself. Here is the fact as it appears to me. We are considering the whole question on the assumption that Ritzoom and his creatures are a set of unscrupulous, clever people who mean to get this money, and if our assumption is right, I am afraid they will beat us. Of course, we will do all that lies in our power, but I personally doubt the result."

When Walter Raymond saw his father lying in his coffin, he felt that, after all, the old man was right in opposing his marriage; and yet, but for the blight of the priests, that marriage would have been happy. Money for its own sake he did not love. He had now lifted himself into a position whereby he made a good income. He was able to educate his children and still have enough and to spare. Nevertheless, the thought that his father's savings should be diverted into a channel which the old man detested made him angry beyond measure.

"Thank God he loved me at the last," he reflected. "He gave all this money to Joyce because of that, and even if all my fears are realised, I shall still know that it was because he really forgave me that he did this."

The funeral took place, attended by no important event. Naturally, the old man's body was followed to the grave by a large number of people. It was first of all taken to the chapel where Walter was married, and as the minister came to the Communion table to read the service he recognised him as the young man who married him more than twenty years before. It seemed almost like a dream. The minister was no longer the raw stripling just from college, but a man over forty, who was himself burdened with the cares of life. The middle-aged men and women who sat in the pews near he had known as boys and girls. Everything seemed unreal, but all was grey, prosy fact. His father was dead, and although by his own action he had been cut off from all communication with him for more than twenty years, his heart ached sorely.

When the service was ended at the graveside, he felt a touch on his arm.

"Walter," said a voice, "don't you know me?"

He turned and saw old Mr. Bennett, his wife's father. The man looked mean and shabby. There was the same furtive look in his eyes; he still had the same insinuating manner as of old.

"You have never come down to see me, Walter."

"You know why."

"Yes, perhaps you were right, although I think Lucy might have come. She never has, you know."

"She did not think you wanted her to come. Besides, you have met several times in London."

"Yes. Is she well?"

"Yes."

"I hear you are doing well?"

"Indeed."

"Yes. I wish I could say the same. I have no practice at all now. None at all worth speaking about, and yet I know more law than any man in Rothertown."

"I've sent you money these last two years," said Walter; "and so have your other children."

"Yes, I suppose I ought to be thankful. By the way, Walter, has your father remembered you in his will?"

There was a sinister, greedy look in his eyes as he spoke, and he eagerly awaited his son-in-law's answer.

"No."

"No? Not a penny?"

"Not a penny."

"Ah, that is a shame. Oh, yes, he was your father, but it is a shame. By the way, Walter, if you can help me to a bit of work, or if I can assist you in any way, I shall be very glad. Of course, I don't need much, but——"

The man's appearance and the tone of his voice sickened Walter.

"Here," he said, interrupting him, "here is a five-pound note. I am busy now."

"Oh, thank you, Walter. Lucy is a Catholic, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry for that; and yet, what does it matter? I'm broad in my views, I am. As long as she's a good wife, what does——"

But Walter did not wait to hear the end of the sentence; he got into the carriage with the minister, and was driven back to his old home.

The day after the funeral Walter went back to London. His wife asked him for the news at Rothertown, but although he told her of his meeting with her father she did not seem to listen. Her mind was evidently elsewhere. The fact that her father was poor and needy did not seem to trouble her. She had become very haggard and pale during the last few days. Sometimes there was a strange haunted look in her eyes.

"Walter," she said presently, "did your father remember you in his will?"

"No."

"Has he not left you anything?" It might have been her father who was speaking again.

"No, nothing."

"What will become of his money?"

"Time will show," he replied.

There was no pretension of affection between them now. The past, in that respect, seemed to be completely wiped out.

"Don't you hate me?" she asked after a few minutes' silence.

"Why?"

"But for me you would have been a rich man."

"Yes."

"Then you must hate me."

"The question of money does not trouble me—at least, in that way."

"What troubles you, then?"

"The fact that the woman whom I married is alienated from me; that my home is destroyed; that all the old trust, the old comradeship, is gone. That my children, Rachel and Madaline, do not regard me as their father; while Joyce—God knows what has become of her, I don't. The question of money has had nothing to do with all this."

"What has, then?"

"What has? You know that as well as I. It has been the influence of—but there, why should I sully my tongue with the mention of their names?"

"It has been because of your cruelty, because you interfered with my religion, because you sought to bully both me and the children into being mere worldlings," she said sullenly. "You have succeeded with Walter, and if you had your way you would send the souls of your other children into perdition."

Walter got up and left the room. He could not bear to argue the question. They had gone over the same ground a hundred times, and always with the same result.

"I will go and see Harrington," he said, as he left the house.

But Harrington was not in his rooms, and then Walter made his way to his office, where, although it was past office hours, he remained working.

The usual formalities were gone through with regard to the probate of his father's will. This occupied some little time. Meanwhile, nothing had been heard about Joyce. No claim had been put forward by the head of any conventual institution, neither did Messrs. Williams and Jordan receive any communication from them.

"It might seem as though both Harrington and I were mistaken, after all," said Raymond to himself. "And yet, if Joyce did not go into a convent, what became of her? No, we were not mistaken; but what is the meaning of this silence? Ritzoom will know everything—everything."

He was in his office at the time. The clerks had gone, and he was left alone. There was no work of a more than usually pressing nature; but there was nothing to go home for. Harrington, so he had been informed, was out of town, and he did not feel like going to any place of amusement.

"You never know where you have a man like that," he said again, "and while things are as they are one can do nothing—nothing."

He heard footsteps on the stairs outside his office. "I wonder who that can be," he said. "No client would call at this hour.

This thought had scarcely passed through his mind when the office door opened and Harrington walked in. Raymond held out his hand and was about to speak, but the words seemed to freeze on his lips. The ghastly look on the young barrister's face frightened him.

Harrington dropped into the nearest chair without uttering a word. In his eyes was a look of agony, his face was drawn with anguish, his body trembled.

"Ned, Ned," said Raymond presently, "what is the matter?"

But Harrington did not speak. He sat looking at the window with a kind of stony stare.

"Speak, old man, speak, tell me!" cried Raymond. "Has something awful happened? Is it about Joyce?"

At the mention of her name Harrington turned and looked at him.

"It's all over, Walter; it's all over," he said huskily.

"What, old man?"

"Joyce! Oh, my God, my God!"

"What? What?"

"Don't you know?" he said like a man in a dream. "Oh I forgot!"

"Forgot what? Know what?"

"I've got it here somewhere, Walter. I was on my way to see you. I took a cab at Paddington, and was just leaving the station when I bought an evening paper. Here it is. Look! Oh, God, can it be true?"

He handed the paper to Walter, and then, with the same expression of agony in his eyes, looked toward the window.

Walter Raymond eagerly glanced up and down the columns of the paper which Harrington had given to him, and then suddenly his eyes became riveted. A moment later he gave a cry as though he had been wounded.

"My little Joyce!" he cried. "No, Ned, no! My God, it cannot be!"

This is what he read:

> "A sad, yet curious, event has taken place at the Convent of the Mother of Sorrows, near St. Winnifred's, Loamshire. A young nun, who bore the religious name of Sister Ursula, and whose secular name was Joyce Raymond, died on Monday last from heart disease. She left her home more than two years ago, in defiance of her father's will, in order to enter the religious life, and left no trace of her whereabouts behind her. We understand, on inquiry, that she is the heiress of the vast wealth left by the late Mr. Walter Raymond, of Rothertown, and the irony of the situation is that although the late Mr. Raymond was a Protestant of the most pronounced order, her fortune, according to her will, made only a few days before her death, goes to the Roman Catholic Church. The interment took place yesterday."

At first Walter Raymond could not believe his own eyes. Amongst all his fears, he had never thought of this. His little Joyce dead! The news was so terrible, so sudden, that everything else seemed blotted out. He forgot that Harrington sat in an armchair close by; forgot the rumble of the traffic in the street. Joyce, the baby he had cared for as if he had been her mother, the child he had seen grow up into womanhood; Joyce, the eldest of his children, upon whom he had bestowed so much thought, was dead! Everything else became as nothing. If she had died at home after an illness, if he had been able to be with her and to nurse her, if he could have heard her last words, he could have borne it better; but that she should die in a distant convent, die without a word or a look of affection for him; it was too hard.

The paper dropped from his hands; he lay back in his chair, nerveless, stunned, almost incapable of connected thought.

"Walter, we must go to that convent tonight."

Harrington's voice aroused him.

"What?"

"We must go to that convent tonight."

"What is the good? She is dead—buried."

"But we must go."

"Very well—as you will."

He got up and locked his desk mechanically, and having put his keys in his pocket, he turned to a peg where his hat hung.

"Yes," he said; "we will go to this convent, as you say; but what then? What shall we do?"

"Do?"

"Yes, do!"

The thought of action aroused Harrington. Life came back into his eyes, strength to his voice, purpose to his being.

"Do? Make inquiries, investigate, get at the truth!"

He started to his feet and walked across the room in his old nervous way. The innate vigour of the man had overcome the blow he had received.

"Inquiries about what?"

"About everything. I—did I not tell you, Walter? Did I not tell you that Ritzoom would beat us?"

"Man, you do not believe that she died an unnatural death? You cannot entertain the idea that——"

"I believe nothing. I disbelieve nothing. All I know is that anything is possible within the walls of a convent—anything!"

"But——"

"Let's go, Walter. If you will not come with me I must go alone. I cannot remain inactive. They cannot refuse to answer questions, and there are questions to be asked. Yes, and by the great God Who made me, I will ask them!"

His pale face became flushed, his eyes flashed fire.

"There is something behind all this, Walter. Just think for yourself. Why have we not known of this before? Why have you not been informed? Why has she not sent you word as to her whereabouts for more than two years? Why did she go there? We have grounds for investigation now! We have something to go upon!"

"Yes," said Walter Raymond, influenced in spite of himself; "I will go with you; but first of all, I must go home and tell my wife. She is her mother, you know. And—and—yes, let us go, Ned. You must go with me; you must help me to tell her."

They left the office and hailed a cab. During the drive to Battersea Park neither spoke a word except when Harrington asked his friend to tell the cabman to stop at a telegraph office.

When Walter stood at his own door, he stood still like one afraid to enter; but by a strong effort he placed the key in the door and entered, followed by Harrington.

When he opened the dining-room door, he saw his wife in tears, and by her side, as if trying to comfort her, were Father Ritzoom and Father Brandon.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### HARRINGTON AND RITZOOM.

Mrs. Raymond rose to her feet as her husband and Harrington entered. At first she did not seem to know what to do. She looked fearfully at the priests, and then towards her husband. When she saw the look of agony on the face of the latter, however, she flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, Walter, do you know?" she cried.

"Yes, I know."

"The letter came today. Here it is. Oh, Walter, Walter, forgive me!"

"For what?"

He was perfectly calm now—perfectly cool and self-collected. The blow had fallen, and it staggered him; but he had recovered. Besides, he felt that yen yet there was something for him to do.

"I did not know," she cried. "I had no thought——"

"My child," said Ritzoom, "do not give way to this grief. It is natural, nevertheless it is wrong. We must submit to the will of God."

Ritzoom's voice made Mrs. Raymond remember that for more than two years she had never shown any act of affection towards her husband and that she had refused to regard him as her husband. Moreover, it brought a feeling of resentment into Walter's heart. Why should these men come into his house in this way? Ritzoom's pious sentiments grated upon him. They sounded like sacrilege. How could it be otherwise?

She drew herself away from her husband.

"The letter came this afternoon," she said. "I sent Madaline to tell Father Brandon. He was not at home; but presently, when he heard the news, he not only came himself, but brought Father Ritzoom with him."

Even at this time she felt she must explain the presence of these two men.

"What letter?" asked Walter.

"Here it is," she said, handing a letter to him.

He read it mechanically. It was addressed to Mrs. Raymond, and signed by the Mother Superior. It informed her that her daughter had died of heart disease on the previous Monday. It also stated that Dr. Jessop, the leading doctor in the town of St. Winnifred's, had been in constant attendance upon her, and that all that could be done for her comfort had been done. The letter also went on to say that the deceased was a saintly nun, that she was strict in the observance of the rule, that she was beloved by all the sisters, and that before her death she received the sacraments of the Church. She was devoutly solicitious for her father's welfare, and daily offered up prayers that he might be led to enter the fold of the Church. She was also fervent in her prayers that her mother and sisters might be kept firm in their most holy faith. The letter concluded with the assurance that the prayers of the community would be offered continuously on behalf of the relations of the departed sister.

Walter read the letter through twice, and then passed it to Harrington, to whom no one had spoken. Harrington, before passing it back to Walter, made several notes in his pocket-book. Strange

to say, the look of stony despair in the young barrister's eyes had somewhat passed away. Perhaps the thought that he would be able to visit her grave, and that he would be able to investigate matters which remained in mystery, somewhat lessened his grief.

"May I," said Ritzoom presently, "offer to you, Mr. Raymond, the expression of my deepest sympathy?"

"No," said Raymond, "I do not wish your sympathy."

"You have it, nevertheless," said the priest.

"As you know," said Raymond quietly, his voice being hoarse with anguish, nevertheless, "I regard your expression of sympathy as so much mockery. But for you, my child would not have died."

Ritzoom did not speak; nevertheless, a strange look came into his eyes—a look which Harrington did not fail to notice.

"You have done your work," went on the angry father; "doubtless you are satisfied with it. That man," pointing to Brandon, "came into my home, and I, believing that he came as a friend, received him kindly. Through him, and you, my home, in the true sense of the word, has ceased to exist—through you, my wife and children are alienated from me; through you my Joyce has been murdered."

"Be careful what you are saying," said Ritzoom.

"You can make what use of my words you desire," said Walter. "There are other ways of killing than by poisoning and stabbing. You can kill by poisoning the mind, by starving the soul, by destroying hope, by crushing out of a child's life all that makes her desire to live. You could kill her by making her believe that I had ceased to love her, and that Harrington here had proved unfaithful to her. Oh, I know the methods you would use. I know, too, that they are a part of your religion, and that no law can touch you. But it is murder all the same. I know, too, that you had a purpose in all this. You know as well as I that under my father's will Joyce becomes one of the richest women in the country. Through your influence she has been coerced into making a will whereby all her wealth goes to your Church. This was your aim, and you have succeeded."

"Pardon me, but by what right do you say that?" said Ritzoom.

"There," said Walter, passing him the paper in which he had seen the news. "What the newspaper men know, you will know."

"Why should I know?"

"Because you make it your business to know everything—especially when money comes into question."

It was Harrington who spoke, and a look almost amounting to fear came into the Jesuit's eyes.

"Walter," went on Harrington, "I want to ask this man some questions. May I?"

"Yes," said Raymond.

"Yes; but that man may refuse to answer," said Ritzoom.

The atmosphere of the room had changed. When Raymond and Harrington had entered, it seemed as though everything were charged with sorrow, but now a new element had entered. Somehow, the contact between the priests and the lawyers had hardened each heart. In a way, there was something dramatic in the scene. The little dining-room had become a sort of battle-ground for strong men. Even Mrs. Raymond had ceased to sob, and a look of eager expectancy had come into her eyes. Father Brandon, who had scarcely spoken, sat a little apart from the others, his fleshy, clean-

shaven face looking flabby and unhealthy. Evidently this man was far from happy. Time after time he took his handkerchief from his pocket, sometimes to mop his hands, and again to wipe away the beads of sweat that gathered on his forehead. Ritzoom, on the other hand, was cool and impenetrable. It is true there was an uneasy, shifting look in his deeply set eyes, but not a muscle of his face moved, his hands were steady and firm, his voice retained its mellowness. Nevertheless, it was easy to see that the man had gathered all his forces for battle, and that he did not despise the two men who sat before him. And, in truth, neither Raymond nor Harrington were men to be despised. The former, though crushed with grief, was, nevertheless, strong in his determination to learn more than he had yet been able to discover, and to deal with the Jesuit as he felt the occasion demanded; while the strange light in Harrington's eyes suggested that he suspected more than appeared on the surface. Truth to tell, even Raymond could not understand the look on his friend's face. Whatever thoughts were in his mind, they had changed him. He no longer gave way to the strong grief which mastered him when he had first come to him. Instead, there was life, passion, determination, energy. Even then he could not help noticing the difference between the two men. Ritzoom was mysterious and strong. He seemed to hide a hundred secrets in his heart, and to be assured that no one could penetrate into the depths of his heart. The dark, powerful face of the Jesuit aroused suspicions, but at the same time defied anyone to find reasons for them. Harrington, on the other hand, gave one the impression that he lived to find the light. There was no suggestion of anything but straightforward manliness in the clean-cut and almost classic features; but every movement of his body, every glance of the eye suggested a man of strength and penetration. There was no skeleton in his cupboard, no secret which he desired to hide. Here was a man who longed for the truth, one who determined to bring the truth to light. Looking at the two, one would doubt which, if all things were equal, would be the stronger combatant; but no one would hesitate as to which he hoped would conquer.

"I think the man will give an answer," said Harrington.

"Why?"

"Because he will desire to hide the truth."

The answer seemed to sting the Jesuit, for his eyes emitted a strange light. But only for a moment. He sat back in his chair with apparent ease.

"I would suggest," said Harrington, "that it seems strange that Mrs. Raymond should not have received this letter until several days after her daughter's death. She died on Monday; today is Friday."

"Possibly," said the Jesuit; "but bear in mind that the Mother Superior of the convent was in ignorance of the past life of the child. It is evident she did not tell her where her home was. It would take them some little time to discover this."

"That, to say the least of it, is strange," said Harrington. "From my knowledge of convents—and I have found out a great deal during the last two years—I have no hesitation in saying that the authorities of these places have a most intimate knowledge of the past life of every inmate. In any case, the Mother Superior had means whereby she could, and did, make the discovery. May I re-

mind you that there are such things as telegrams, and that such a proceeding as this is an outrage of paternal affection."

Ritzoom looked at Harrington keenly. He seemed to be trying to discover his motive in asking the question.

"I would remind you," he replied quietly, "that when a woman becomes a nun, she ceases, from your standpoint, to have parents."

"Yet she remembers them in her prayers," said Harrington, "and the Mother Superior thinks it of sufficient importance to mention it."

"My dear sir," said Ritzoom, somewhat changing his demeanor, "surely you know what women are: full of contradictions, full of contradictions. And, after all, a Mother Superior is only a woman."

"If she were a woman," said Harrington, "she would know that the father and mother would long to see the remains of their child, and to be present at the funeral. Yet no news is to hand until after the interment takes place."

"You must question the Mother Superior," said Ritzoom. "I know nothing about it. I have been in London for several days."

"You know nothing about it?"

"Nothing."

"And yet you knew she was in this convent."

"Why should I know?"

"First of all, because it was to your interest to keep us in ignorance."

"There, I must correct you. It was in *her* interest that you were kept in ignorance. Pardon me if I say a painful thing. The child reared her father; she feared you. Her father would have sent her to a heretic school, where her soul might have been destroyed. You would have persuaded her to marry you—you, an enemy to the Church. She realised this; realised, too, the frailties of our poor human nature. She pleaded that she might go to a place of refuge where she would be saved from temptation. She prayed that all knowledge of her whereabouts might be kept from you, so that no attempts might be made to drag her from her place of refuge. Because of that, even I was kept in ignorance."

The man told the lie without hesitation. Not by look or tone did he suggest that he had departed from the truth.

"But you could have found out."

Ritzoom was silent.

"You could have known."

"Yes," he replied; "I could have known. But I would not. And even if I had, do you think I should have told you? No; the cry of that young child was too painful. 'Save me from my father, save me from Mr. Harrington!' was her plea. Is it likely that I should refuse?"

"That is a lie," said Walter.

Ritzoom looked at Raymond steadily; but he did not speak.

"No," said Harrington, "you would not refuse to save her from us, because you had made your plans whereby you might obtain her grandfather's wealth."

"Prove it!"

"Many things come out in a court of law," suggested Harrington.

"Quite true," said the Jesuit airily. He seemed like a man who had got out of a tight corner. and now could move at his ease again. "Many things do come out in a court of law. But I would suggest to you, as a man who has had experience in the law courts, that no

judge or jury in the land would pay the slightest attention to such an accusation. Why, think. Do you imagine any judge or jury would believe that we received Miss Joyce Raymond into a convent in the hope that her grandfather, who had disowned her father, would leave her his money?"

"The records of convents reveal curious things."

"My dear sir, forgive me; but I have heard of you as a clever, level-headed barrister. I am afraid that sorrow has unhinged your mind."

Even Brandon's face lost some of its fear. Doubtless the man felt that Ritzoom was having the best of the encounter. At first, he might have imagined that Harrington would prove too strong even for Ritzoom; but his confidence in his chief had revived.

"It is my purpose to go to this convent," said Harrington. "I presume I shall be free to ask questions?"

"Certainly."

"The letter said that a Dr. Jessop attended her. He would, of course, sign the death certificate."

"Certainly. That certificate can, of course, be examined. The doctor will be there to answer questions. By the way, Dr. Jessop is a non-Catholic, so you will be able to have absolute confidence in any information you may elicit from him."

"Exactly. Moreover, according to this paragraph, the deceased has left all her property to the Roman Catholic Church. I presume you will put in your claim for it?"

"My dear sir, what have I to do with it? If in return for the benefits the child has received from the Church she sought to enrich the Church, those who deal with such matters will take the necessary steps to claim for the Church its rights."

The atmosphere had cleared again. Harrington had asked his questions, but apparently Ritzoom had had the best of the encounter; but the young barrister showed no signs of defeat. To judge from his appearance, he might have expected the answer he received.

"Raymond," he said quietly, as he rose to his feet, "there is time for us to catch the midnight train from St. Pancras. Will you pack what is necessary, while I get a cab. We will call at my rooms on the way."

Ritzoom looked at him keenly. He did not feel satisfied.

"Might I suggest that the Great Northern is the better line for your purpose?" he said.

"Thank you," he replied quietly.

During the interview Mrs. Raymond had sat looking from one to the other. In spite of herself, she felt a great bitterness in her heart towards the priests. In a way, she felt that but for them her child would have been alive, and yet such was their power over her, that she could not but yield to their will, and profess that all was for the best. The death of their child had brought husband and wife no nearer together. The shadow of the priest still rested upon them.

"Where are the girls?" said Walter, turning to his wife.

"They are gone to their room. I am afraid the sorrow will kill them."

Walter went up to the bedroom where they slept. Both of them were kneeling before a crucifix in prayer. When they saw their

father, they burst out sobbing, and then, forgetting the past three years, they rushed towards him.

"Dad," cried Rachel, "it can't be true, can it? Say it isn't true."

But Walter could do nothing but kiss them. This expression of affection seemed to help him to bear his burden.

"Are you going away, dad?" asked Madaline presently.

"Yes; I'm going to see the grave," he said. "I shall be back in a day or two."

Still the girls clung to him. After all, he was their father, and for a moment the loved one's death brought them together.

"If we could have seen her, spoken to her!" said one.

The girl echoed his own feelings so strongly that the anger which had somewhat subsided was aroused again. But he said nothing. He would not, as such a time, say anything which would justify his antagonism to the faith they had embraced.

"We must love each other the more for this," he said presently. "You must try and comfort your mother, and when I come back—well, don't let anyone keep you from loving your old dad, will you?"

"God bless you, my darlings; I must go now," he said. "Perhaps I shall be able to find out something of what Joyce said. Perhaps she mentioned each of us by name, and sent us messages."

The girls continued sobbing, and as if by one consent they both continued to hold him tightly.

"We both believe that God is good, although we don't understand Him, do we?"

"Oh, there *must* be some mistake. She *can't* be dead," said Rachel.

"I am afraid there is no doubt," said Walter, his heart growing hard again. "Good-night, my darlings, and may God bless you."

He longed to stay with them. He felt that he ought to keep by their side, and yet it seemed to him as though an influence were at work within him which compelled him to go to St. Winnifred's, even although no good could possibly accrue by going. Had death visited their home in the ordinary way all would have been different. Still, the fact that the two girls had turned to him so eagerly lightened his burden. After all, Brandon had not been able to completely poison their minds against him.

He packed a small portmanteau, and then went down stairs. As he entered the hall, he saw the two priests departing.

"I would like to know what is in Ritzoom's mind just now," thought Walter.

Strange to say, the same desire was in Brandon's heart, but although they were brothers of the same Order he was afraid to ask him.

"You had the best of the encounter with Harrington," he said presently.

"Did I?"

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"Why, you made mincemeat of him."

"That's what makes me doubt."

"What do you mean?"

"When you can make mincemeat of a man like Harrington there's something wrong."

"What can there be wrong?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I don't like the look of things."

"Why, you answered every question that he asked."

"But what about the questions he didn't ask?"

"What are they?"

"Even I don't know that, my friend. All I know is that if he had asked more difficult questions I should go to bed with a lighter heart. It did not need a man of Harrington's brains to remark on the obvious as he did tonight."

"But what else could he say?"

Ritzoom did not reply, and all the way to the priest's house he uttered no word. Arrived there, he mixed for himself a whisky and soda, and then opening a box of cigars he began to smoke. He smoked one cigar, then another, and was just cutting the end of the third when a thought seemed to strike him.

"Good-night, Brandon," he said, and left the house without a word.

Meanwhile, Harrington and Raymond drove first to the former's rooms, and afterwards to St. Pancras. Both of them were silent until they sat in an empty first-class carriage, and then, when the train moved out of the station, Walter Raymond said:

"There is something at the back of your mind, Ned—something which you have not told me."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you cross-examined Ritzoom so weakly."

"Did I cross-examine him weakly?"

"You know you did. They were questions such as anyone might ask."

"I have been stunned, bewildered, tonight, Walter."

"Besides, it was not like you to tell him where we were going."

"Wasn't it?"

"You know it wasn't. Haven't you anything to tell me?"

Harrington looked at Raymond for a few seconds as though in doubt.

"No," he said, "nothing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Female Convents.

By Mr. de Potter.

## CHAPTER IV.

Anxiety of the Grand-duke to procure information on the abuses of the Church.—Letter from Villensi, pointing out some necessary changes. —Letter from a Nun, complaining of the irregularities of her Convent.—Memoir of Rucellai, on the scandalous conduct of a Confessor. —Mendicant Priests.—Abolition of the privileges of Sanctuaries.— Letter of Rucellai on the abuses of the Religious Orders.

The vigilant attention of Leopold to ecclesiastical abuses in his dominions, was kept alive by the communications which he invited and received from private persons.

Villensi, Friar of Santo Vito, addressed to the Grand-duke, in 1768, a letter, in which he suggests the best means of diminishing the abuses which disgraced the religious system.

He requests his Royal Highness to keep his name secret unless he wishes him to run the risk of being stoned to death. He proposes the extirpation of mendicity amongst the priesthood, which would render the people more active and industrious. The most vigorous and robust of the mendicants, says the Prior, might be sent to work in the *marshes*, and the lame and infirm deposited in houses of seclusion, for the maintenance of which, the convents ought to pay what they formerly disbursed, if we may believe them, in the way of charities.

He complains of the insults offered to the Councils of the Church by the numerous bulls and briefs which are constantly manufactured in the Datary's office at Rome, in favor of all who pay for them; and quotes, among other examples, the permission, contrary to the regulations passed by the Council of Trent, of saying mass before the age of twenty-five; that of contracting marriages within the prohibited degrees, &c. &c.

With regard to the Convents, it was his wish that their excessive wealth should be employed for the benefit of the State, and the support of the indigent; that the 300 crowns per annum which the carriage of the Abbot cost, with the money expended on his domestics and furniture, should be appropriated to the use of the hospitals; that the monks should no longer go out, except in company with some one of their order, under pain of banishment; and that they should be prohibited from transacting the business of their establishments, and be released from the necessity of holding any intercourse with the laity, either male or female, in buying or selling; and that a secular person attached to the convents ought to be intrusted with the management of these matters, so as to allow the monks to devote their attention to the rules of their order. For the same reason, the monks should be released from the spiritual care of souls, which continually distracts their attention from the duties of their profession. They must also be prohibited from either demanding or accepting, from the Court of Rome, brevets or privileges which drain their purses, and authorize them to violate their

by-laws. Superfluity of every kind ought to be banished from the churches and sacristies, the simplicity of religion only demanding what is absolutely necessary for the proper performance of its rites. The importunate and scandalous crowds of begging friars ought to be suppressed; the visits of generals, vicar-generals, provincials and inspectors, which have always been a great source of expense, and have never given rise to the least reform, prohibited; and no one allowed to make profession in any order, except at a very advanced age.

It would also be highly proper to suppress six or eight convents of nuns, there are more than sixty in Tuscany, and apply the funds arising from them to the maintenance of the poor. Those which remain ought to be governed by a layman, that their revenues, which are constantly augmenting by additional portions, may not decrease. It would be even more useful to dispose of the property of the female convents, and to form it into a bank; which, after paying twenty per cent. to government, would afford them the two per cent. which they were in the habit of drawing from it.

The Prior complains bitterly of the great number of priests resident in Florence, who *neither knew, nor could do any thing beyond saying a mass!* Want, says he, compels them to employ themselves as intendants and preceptors in large families, to buy, to sell, to manage the domestic affairs of their masters; to conduct their children to the promenade, and even to take charge of a stable at so much per month, as if they were grooms; all in the hope of obtaining a benefice from the family by which they are employed. The proper method of remedying such disgraceful practices, is to refuse benefices to all those who had descended to such degrading services. The poorer priests might be allowed to confess the nuns, after the monks had been deprived of the office, and they would gain by that means what the latter *were in the habit of receiving for it!* Those ecclesiastics who are constantly in pursuit of honors and dignities; who busy themselves in intrigues to obtain them, and then recruit themselves from the fatigues of their despicable intrigues in places of public amusement; might undertake, *gratis*, the administration of hospitals, visit them for the purpose of seeing that the duties were properly discharged, &c. This would be a great saving to these useful establishments, and a subject of noble emulation for the young priests, who would thereby be led to consider the practice of virtue and zeal in the cause of beneficence, as the only way of accomplishing their desires.

The scandal which arises from those priests, dominated *coachmen*, and *postilions*, &c., from their *saying mass as if they were running post*, and who are constantly in a hurry to go from one church to another, in order to do as much business as possible, ought to be ended. The sacristies might also be served by laymen, which would diminish the useless and frightful number of clerks of the lower classes; who, like the two hundred clerks of the Metropolitan Church, waste their time till the age of twenty-five, without learning any thing, and then get themselves consecrated as a reward for their pretended services. People would not then make it a subject of remark, that Florence, out of a population of 80,000 inhabitants, maintained 3,000 priests, whilst out of a population of 400,000 at Vienna, there are only 300. The theatres, coffee-houses, and other places frequented by monks, would also be less encumbered with their presence.

He is also anxious that the Archbishop of Florence should keep a watchful eye on *the tax-office for bulls and benefices*, in order to put an end to every thing in the shape of arbitrary impositions, by means of an invariable rate for each act of grace.

He demands a reform of the festivals. By transferring the observance of the festivals to the Sunday following the day on which they are held, twenty-five days more labor could be performed in the course of the year; and the twenty vigils, which occasion such an enormous expense, would be suppressed; while the festivals would be more decently observed.

The other letter to the Grand Duke exhibits, in a singular manner, the enormities committed in the female convents through Tuscany. It was addressed to Leopold by a nun of Castiglion Fiorentino; and led the way to those investigations of the scandalous abuses, by which Ricci subsequently rendered his ecclesiastical career so remarkable.

"Our convent," she says, "is under the direction of the Minor Observatines, and is consequently in a state of the greatest irregularity and disorder. The superior and the old nuns confine themselves entirely to their cells, and occupy themselves in various employments, without paying the least attention to what goes on between the nuns and those persons who have the privilege of admission, within the walls of the cloister. I had for a long time observed that the factor of the convent carried on intrigues with the young nuns, and that his intercourse with one of them was indecent in the extreme. In order, however, not to form too hasty and unjust a judgment of them, I concealed myself in a neighboring apartment, and discovered that they were in the habit of committing the most indecent actions. Since that time, whenever the factor makes his appearance, I always remain, under pretence of age, being nearly fifty, below with my work, and walk backwards and forwards, in order not to allow him an opportunity of being alone with the nuns. The Abbess was the means of engaging that factor, which she did almost by force, against the opinion of others who thought him too young. She is very angry with me, and will certainly not fail to punish me in some way or other.

"I cannot complain to the Provincial; for the monks will not listen to any complaints of the kind. Their answer uniformly is, when any are made, that they proceed from malignity and calumny; while those who speak to them concerning them, are declared to be foolish, scandalous, and turbulent persons, who spy the actions of others, who do not behave like true nuns, and who ought to be imprisoned, &c. The nuns are therefore obliged either to allow such enormous irregularities to go unchecked, or to run the risk of imprisonment for life, under some false pretext. No one cares whether a nun remains alone with the factor. If any amusement is going forward, the factor is invited to the convent, where he shuts himself up in a room with one of them, and sometimes with two, if they are intimate with him.

"The monks, to insure themselves against dislike on the part of the nuns, overlook the whole; for our confessor, who is always selected from that body, is supported by the nuns, who must supply him with every thing which he desires, during the time that he is obliged to occupy a dwelling in the neighborhood of the convent. Finding themselves well provided with every thing which they want, these monks do not give themselves the least trouble about

the abuses which prevail in the convents. There are even some of them who make love to the nuns, and render them much more impudent than the lay members who are guilty of the same practices. Some years ago, a monk was found in the convent during the night, and expelled from it by the bailiffs. The affair, in consequence, became universally known."

The nun is of opinion, that the case of the factor was much more blameable, inasmuch as his duties provided him with constant opportunities of sinning. She therefore supplicates the Grand Duke to order a nobleman, on whom the factor was dependent, to recall him to Florence, without allowing it to appear that he was at all acquainted with the irregularity of his conduct: "For," says she, "If what I now write to you were known, it would be sufficient to cause me to be poisoned by my companions, who are totally given up to vice." She requests the prince to speak to the provincial, and to tell him, that "if she is punished under any pretext whatever, he will take from him the direction of the convent, and transfer it to the bishop."

The above letter is dated May, 1770, from the convent of Jerome, at Castiglion Fiorentino, and signed Lucrece Leonide Beroardi.

Leopold dismissed the factor.

The scandalous wickedness of some members of the priesthood, under the cloak of religion, and by a perversion of its authority, was known to the grand duke in 1766. Senator Rucellai then addressed to his Prince a memoir relating to the intrigues of the Tuscan Inquisitors, of the higher orders of the clergy of the Grand Duchy, of the Nunciature at Florence, and of the Court of Rome; all of whom labored in concert to elude the wise laws of the late Emperor.

A lady of the name of Maria Catherine Barni, of Santa Croce, declared on her death-bed that she had been seduced through the medium of confession, and that she had, during twelve years, maintained a criminal intercourse with a priest, Pierre Pacchiani, Prior of St. Martin at Castel-Franco-di-Sotto, who was her confessor. She denounced him to the Bishop of Miniato, May, 1764.

He had assured her that, by means of the supernatural light which he had received from Jesus and the Holy Virgin, he was perfectly certain that neither of them were guilty of sin in carrying on that correspondence.

Maria Magdalen Sicini, of Santa Croce, whom she had pointed out as being in the same predicament with herself, deposed; that generally about an hour after the confession was over, Pacchiani had a criminal intercourse with her in the vestry; that she knew well enough that she was committing sin, and that she made confession of it afterwards to Pacchiani himself, who excused her because it had been done with good intentions.

This lady named another, Victoire Benedetti, who at her examination, made a declaration to the same effect; only adding, that she had not had the least scruple in regard to her connexion with Pacchiani.

The trial of that priest for heretical propositions belonged properly to the Inquisition; but, after much intrigue and manœuvring, the affair got into the hands of the Archbishop; next into those of the Nuncio; then into those of the Court of Rome; and Pacchiani, who had been dismissed, finally returned to his parish.

The Government was made perfectly acquainted with the whole

transaction; but in such a way as to be unable to take any notice of it. It was also aware that Cacchiani had been guilty of several disgraceful tricks; that he was in the habit of compelling the dying to make wills in his favor, by threats of refusing to administer the sacraments; that he had used his endeavors to prevent Barni from making any confession on her death-bed; that his Bishop had been obliged to imprison him, in order to remove him from a convent of nuns; and that he had delivered from the pulpit a discourse full of sedition. The Grand Duke caused him to be dismissed.

The scandal brought on the doctrines and professors of religion, by the wretchedness and demoralization of the mendicant priests, was brought before the Grand Duke by Rucellai, in 1766. He replied to the inquiries of his sovereign, by detailing various considerations, as to the best means of diminishing the excessive number of those wandering drones, who, without either nomination or benefice, swarmed in Tuscany, and especially at Florence, on account of the college or seminary of the cathedral. That seminary was composed of a hundred and thirty young men, who were employed in the service of the church, and of whom no fewer than sixty-six were annually consecrated, as a reward for their services. Rucellai was of opinion that a diminution of the number of young men in the seminary, would give rise to a great outcry, and would fail in accomplishing th end in view. It is the patrimony of the Church which we must diminish, says he, if we wish to diminish the number of those who live by it; and who would become disciples of Mohamed, if the revenues which they enjoy were appropriated to Mussulmans. A diminution of the wealth of the clergy, under existing circumstances, was altogether impossible, without a complete overthrow of the political system. To fix it definitively in such a way as to prevent its increase, appeared to him extremely difficult, on account of the tendency of every body of men towards prosperity, and more especially of every sacerdotal body; it being but too true, that superstition and wealth go hand in hand together.

The only part of this measure which could have been easily executed, was prohibiting the priests from accepting additional foundations for perpetual masses, which they could devise. These foundations infected Florence, more than any other place, with the refuse of the clergy, who were attracted from the neighboring dioceses by the profits arising from the masses.

There was also another method of accomplishing the object in view: to unite all the simple benefices and obligations, &c., upon which the useless part of the clergy lived, and who, in this way would soon have disappeared; but the consent of Rome was necessary to the adoption of that measure; and it would, undoubtedly, have refused to co-operate in the executive of a plan contrary to its policy, prejudicial to its finances, and destructive of its authority.

The Senator concludes by giving it as his opinion, that it would be much better to make use of the means already at the disposal of Government,—which, though they might be slow in accomplishing the end in view, would attain it much more certainly and quietly: —considering always the increasing wealth of the clergy as an evil necessarily connected with the present system—as a malady inseparable from the political body. For this purpose it will be necessary, says he, to oppose, both constantly and vigorously, that maxim of the Church, so contrary to the Gospel, to the Councils, and to the writings of the Fathers, "that the Church forms a State

within a State;" to treat the persons and property of ecclesiastics in the same way as the persons and property of other citizens; to return to those Christian times, during which the property of the Church was considered as public property, belonging to the State, and entirely at the disposal of the civil authority. The clergy and their property were not more dangerous to the State, than other wealthy persons and their property; because they were then undistinguished by any prerogatives, privileges, or immunities. Rucellai counselled Leopold to put his authority in force; to exercise a real jurisdiction over his clergy, by exercising it over their property; to prevent the augmentation of their territorial wealth, by applying the law of the late Emperor, concerning the acquisition of property in mortmain, which had already restored much land to commerce and circulation; to keep the clergy in check by the dread of extra-judicial and summary sentences of banishment and sequestration against their persons and revenues; and to avoid endless and fatal quarrels with the Court of Rome.

One of the greatest abuses of the power of the Church in Tuscany, and the most shameful obstacle to the progress of civil justice, was the number of asylums reputed sacred, whose privileges had filled the churches of Tuscany with vagabonds and disturbances. The Grand Duke was perfectly aware of his right and authority to abolish this abuse, without the consent or intervention of any one; but he was willing to concede, and proposed a concordat, which should confer upon him the same privileges which had been bestowed on the other Catholic powers, or the adoption of some provisional measure. He was determined not to suffer any longer, in his dominions, disorders which Rome herself, notwithstanding her desire to protect them in those of others, would not tolerate in her own; and which, being beneficial to criminals only, were a disgrace both to religion and to the Government. A memoir of Rucellai, of 1764, shows that Tuscany was completely filled with churches. Florence alone reckoned 320, of which the farthest from one another were not above 300 paces; they occupied one half of the ground which had been built upon in the town, and had enjoyed for more than 163 years all the privileges granted by the Bulls of the different Popes.

Leopold caused the reflections which Rucellai had made on the concordats concluded by Rome, relative to asylums, with Naples in 1741, with Sardinia and Piedmont in 1742, and with Austria for the States of Lombardy in 1757, to be submitted to his consideration. The inconveniences of those concordats, and of every concordat whatsoever, by means of which the Court of Rome succeeded in procuring from sovereigns a recognition of the legality of the pretended rights which are the object of the treaty, are clearly pointed out in that document. Rucellai preferred to these different concordats, the schemes of a provisional regulation presented by the Abbe Neri.

That scheme, which received Leopold's consent did not admit of the inviolability of the asylums in any case whatever; but provided for the remission of capital and mutilating punishments, in the case of those who might be taken from the asylums; and also, for the remission of a third part of every other punishment of a lesser degree. By this means the objection was removed which existed in regard to the exceptions and explanations admitted in the concordats; exceptions of which the tortuous policy of the

Court of Rome, which decided upon them, enabled her always to take advantage, and of which she never permitted any one to foresee the intention.

The abolition of capital punishments would certainly, says Rucellai, have displeased those who work upon punishments as the basis of all government, and the main spring of every political system. Neri observes that capital punishments had been dispensed with in several States, without the least inconvenience; and that it is the certainty of punishment and not the measure of it, which restrains mankind within the line of their duty, and checks the commission of crime.

The Grand Duke, in consequence, gave orders to Baron Odile, his minister at Rome, to commence negotiations on this subject with zeal and promptitude, and not to rest satisfied either with the words, or the dilatory and uncertain promises, with which that court always colors its refusals. The reiterated orders and numerous couriers of Leopold could not, however, get any thing satisfactory from the Cardinal Secretary of State, to whom he caused it to be announced, that if he would not condescend upon a clear and categorical answer, he was determined to proceed with it.

The court of Rome in spite of the continued remonstrances of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, evaded for several years any settlement of the question of asylums. Leopold at last determined to act for himself; and the year 1769 was remarkable for the great reform introduced by him, which at length restored to Justice both the strength and the liberty which she required for the prevention of crime, by the salutary terrors of unavoidable punishment, and re-established order and security in his States, under the protection of impartial laws, which allowed neither privilege nor exemption.

The Grand Duke who had communicated to the Court of Austria the documents which related to the differences existing between him and the Pope in regard to asylums, and the plan which he had formed for repairing the mischief which the inviolability of these refuges had engendered, received the approbation of the Empress; and consequently, he informed the Court of Rome, that he had caused the malefactors in his dominions to be taken from the asylums and immured in prisons.

On the same day his plan was put in execution at Florence, at Sienna, and at Grosseto, and the next day in the rest of the Grand Duchy.

Leopold, surrounded with the most learned and enlightened persons in Tuscany, and well skilled himself in ecclesiastical history, was perfectly aware that during the first nine centuries of the Church, the clergy took no part in civil matters beyond the intercession of the bishops and priests with the Supreme Authority, for some diminution of the punishment incurred by criminals.

The decree of Gratian was the first which claimed for the ecclesiastical body the power of judging persons who were accused of crimes; but it was not till 1591, that Gregory XIV. originated the abuse and scandal of asylums, by pointing out eight crimes to which that privilege could not be accorded, and by ordaining that the ecclesiastical tribunals should thenceforth finally decide whether those who had taken refuge were or were not within the expected cases.

The privilege of asylums was every where diminished: in France, even in the time of Leopold, the Church did not interfere in behalf

of criminals; and in Germany very seldom. In the Low Countries, as well as in Italy, very vigorous measures had been taken to do away with the abuse, which nevertheless has always been more slow in these cases than other Catholic countries, on account of its propinquity to Rome. Venice, had, however, given the example, and it had been followed by Lombardy, Turin, Parma, Naples, and even by the Pontifical States.

Tuscany, therefore, was the only country in which the most atrocious crimes, as well as the most trifling offences, remained not only unpunished, but even encouraged and protected by the privilege of the churches. Assassins, fratricides, poisoners, incendiaries, deserters, robbers, sons of the nobility who wished to withdraw themselves from paternal authority; monks who had subjected themselves to punishment from their superiors, or soldiers from their officers; those who had contracted debts, &c. &c.—all took refuge in the same asylum, were all equally well received, and lived in a state of the greatest disorder.

They frequently disturbed the performance of divine service, and often maltreated the clergy; committed crime after crime, insulted and even wounded those who attended the church, where they had been received without shame, and were supported and openly defended. There they kept a school for the instruction of the young in robbery and swindling, sold contraband goods and stolen wares. They had prostitutes among them, slept pele-mele under the porticoes, and not unfrequently had children born to them during the time that they remained in the asylum. They ate, drank, worked at their trades, and kept open shop in the churches. They wore concealed arms, arrested the passengers in order to ransom them, and fired at the agents of the police if they happened to pass by. They sallied out secretly to commit fresh robberies and assassinations, and returned within the sanctuary of the church, in order to enjoy, without fear, the protection which the temple and its ministers granted them.

*The convents were, however, the greatest receptacles of criminals*, whom the monks treated remarkably well, on account of the benefit which they derived from their domestic labors, and because they could use them as instrumentts for the commission of those frauds which they were desirous of executing, and as apologies for those of which *they were themselves guilty*, and which they failed not to place to the credit of their guests. They employed them particularly in contraband trade for the use of the convent.

A short time previous to the reform of the asylum, the monks of the convent of Spirito, at Florence, carried their impudence so far, as to allot a chamber among the novices to a robber who had attempted to kill his own brother.

Such was the deplorable state of that beautiful part of Italy. There were, on the suppression of the asylums, eighty refugees, of whom a third had been guilty of wilful murder, and the rest, either for cutting or maiming the inhabitants, or of committing extensive robberies. Several of them had made their escape from the galleys.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

## "What This Republic Owes to the Catholic Church."

### Why the Life-and-Death Struggle is Now Joined Between the Two Implacable Principles of

## DEMOCRACY AND THEOCRACY.

NOT a single papist took part in the making of the Constitution of the United States!

No papist believes in separation of Church and State, free press, free speech, popular sovereignty, and religious liberty; consequently, no Roman Catholic has ever put his hand to the building of a State founded upon manhood suffrage, and the freedom of individual conscience.

Before a Catholic could do this, he would have to be false to the basic law of his church.

This fundamental *law* of the Roman hierarchy was made at Trent, in Italy, in the 16th century, and has never been materially altered.

The Council of Trent, which framed this Catholic code, began its sittings in 1545; and, after various interruptions, finally completed its labors and adjourned, in 1563.

The Popes had manipulated the Council at every session, and it did no more than register the Papal will; hence, its decrees were promptly accepted and formally decreed to be the canon, fixed, and permanent law of the Roman church.

This papal code was rigidly enforced in Italy, down to the year 1870, when the Italian patriots threw off the intolerable yoke of rotten priest-rule.

The laws of this Roman church were also enforced in France, down to almost the beginning of our Revolutionary War, when the Jesuits became so utterly detestable that they were driven out, and the literary men of France began their bold agitation against Rome's crushing, stifling, hateful domination.

As an illustration of Rome's way, when she can have her way: in 1761, *the priests murdered a French youth*, for no other crime than that he was accused of having behaved irreverently to the image of the Virgin Mary, which Catholics then worshipped as an idol, just as they now do.

Young De la Barre was not only murdered for this alleged lack of veneration for the Catholic idol, but he was murdered with every extreme of ferocity. *His tongue was torn out by the roots, and he was fiendishly tortured, before the flames were allowed to burn him to death!*

This was in 1761, when Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Dabney Carr, Patrick Henry, James Otis, and John Adams were beginning to be deeply concerned for our American liberties.

Previously, the popes had compelled the King of France to *revoke* the Edict of Nantes, which allowed the Protestants to hold religious services, in private, in certain named places.

This Edict of *partial* toleration, granted by Henry of Navarre, was cancelled by his bigoted descendant, Louis XIV., and France was plunged into the horrors of Catholic persecution.

The King, egged on by his Jesuit confessor, the infamous Letellier, sent brutal Catholic soldiers to live in the houses of the Protestants, to harry them with insults and outrages, to break up their religious services, to seize upon the more courageous men and send them to the slave-ships, where they suffered torments which make the blood run cold to this day.

Under Catholic law in France, at

that time, no Huguenot (Protestant) could hold any office, exercise any civic privilege, practice any profession, or be guardian for his own child.

The French Protestant (Huguenot) had fewer civil rights in Catholic France *than the freed negroes had in America*, previous to the War between the States—not nearly so many, because the freed negro could have his own religious services, could send his children to school, and could practice any trade, craft, or profession.

*This*, mind you, *was in the 18th century*, at the very time that the Catholics of Maryland were meekly claiming *toleration*, and pretending that their foreign church was no longer the church of bloody persecution.

The Catholics in Maryland *needed* toleration; hence they begged for it, and got it; but, in France, *they* didn't need it, and the Protestants who *did*, pleaded for it, IN VAIN!

That's Rome's way. At the very time when *the Protestant charter* of Lord Baltimore granted toleration to the *Catholic minority*, the Catholic majority was turning South America, Central America, Mexico, Cuba, the Philippine Islands, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Italy into Dead Seas, religiously, by ruthless persecution.

The fathers of the identical Catholics who fled to Maryland, and sought safety from *retaliation*, under the Baltimore charter, *had been atrociously active in the horrible religious murders committed by Bloody Queen Mary.*

So late as 1798, the papists of Ireland organized, and partially executed, a wide-spread conspiracy for the slaughter of Protestants; and the number of men, women, and children who were butchered, *under Rome's infernal law*, was nearly as great as the victims of the papist Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Think of it! Protestant massacres deliberately planned by Catholic priests, in Ireland, in 1798, *when John Adams was President, and George Washington still alive.*

Yet, the American missionaries of this foreign church—*whose fundamental law calls for the blood of Protestants, Jews, and Masons*—have captured the Moving-Picture shows, and they are now teaching the people, through this effective and insidious agency, that the Catholic priests protected little heretic children during the St. Bartholomew, and used all of their influence to check the *political* butchery which *the King* had started, in *retaliation* for Protestant atrocities!

Toleration in Catholic France, *in the 16th century?* My God!

At this very day, there is no toleration in Catholic Spain!

Protestants have to meet furtively, on the back streets, in houses not allowed to show, by external sign, or by style of architecture, that they are houses of worship.

No Protestant church can be built like a church, have a church-steeple, a church-bell, or any other outward symbol of a "House of God."

That's Roman Catholicism, in Spain, *right now!*

Yet these brazen liars who are prostituting the Movies, the theatricals, the magazines, the periodicals, and the school-books, are pretending that the Harlot of the Tiber never drank human blood till she was drunk with it, and that she is *now* an altogether different creature from the monster which burnt down the Waldensian villages, slaughtered the old and the young, the maiden and the graybeard, and burnt a whole congregation that had miserably sought refuge in one church.

Don't we know what the Roman Catholics were doing in the Philippines, at the end of the 19th century? Don t we have the official record, made by Mr. Taft, and published by the U. S. Senate?

(Senate Doc. 190, sold by The Menace, Aurora, Mo. 25 cents.)

Let me tell you where else you can get it. You can find the horrible facts in such books as "The Philippines and the Far East;" "Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires;" and "The Flight of an Eagle."

(You can easily obtain a copy of the first two from P. Stammer, 4th Ave., New York City. Price, about $1.50 each.

The other book is out of print, but I have a copy and mean to republish it in our Magazine.)

When the legislative assembly in Peru, *last year*, voted to allow Protestants the liberty to worship, wasn't there a riot, led by the priests and their duped women?

Didn't a priest snatch the law out of the hand of the Presiding officer, tear it to pieces, and stamp upon it?

Is not Peru in the throes of a Catholic revolution, *now*, brought about by the Roman priests, to check the tendency toward *toleration?*

In Catholic Ecuador, no toleration is permitted; *nor is there any true religious liberty in any other Catholic country on earth.*

There never was, and there never can be—why?

*Because the law and the spirit of the Roman organization makes for* MONOPOLY, THEOCRACY, ABSOLUTE POPE-RULE, and, *consequently*, for remorseless *suppression of* WHATEVER GETS IN ITS WAY.

Under the law of this terrible foreign church, eight Mexicans were condemned to death, in Texacapa, Mexico, in November, 1895. Those "heretics" were burnt to ashes, *on the pubilc square*, just as Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Anne Askew were burned to death, in England, *under the very same law*, in the 16th century.

One of those Mexican victims, *twenty-two years ago*, was AN INNOCENT GIRL, who was not old enough to know why the priests were tying her to the stake, and piling dry wood around her, *to burn her poor little body to ashes.*

Great Father! What sort of religion is this to take root in free America—a religion whose fundamental laws burn little children!

When those eight Mexicans were judicially condemned, and publicly burned, under the Roman Catholic law which burned Patrick Hamilton, of Scotland; John Huss, of Bohemia; Savonarola, of Italy; William Tyndale, of England, Anne du Bourg, of France, and the tens of thousands of victims of the papal Inquisition—when that atrocity of the Roman church was committed in Mexico, twenty-two years ago, *the high-priest of Popery in that country* WAS THE SAME ARCHBISHOP MORA, *who furnished Huerta ten million dollars of* CATHOLIC CHURCH MONEY, *to finance the* OVERTHROW AND ASSASSINATION *of the duly-elected President Madero!*

The murderous plots of Mora and his fellow Jesuits flung Mexico into the raging chaos of lawlessness and rapine, with which the heroic Carranza has been battling ever since; and his most persistent and dangerous enemies have been the Jesuits and the Catholic priests.

And every time one of these Cathlicolic priest-traitors is caught redhanded, and is about to be shot for his crimes, the Catholic priests of this Republic coerce President Wilson into demanding that the traitor's life be spared!

Their Knights of Columbus and Ancient Hibernians go from this country to stir up rebellion and bloodshed in Ireland, and when *they* are caught redhanded and condemned to be shot, our President is again coerced into demanding of the British government the lives of these papal miscreants.

Nevertheless, the Union is being flooded with oratory and literature designed to smoothe the way for papal propaganda, whose aim is to "*Make America Catholic.*"

We are told, with every possible variation of mendacity, that we virtually owe to the Catholics the formation and the maintenance of our Republic.

The literal historic truth is, that Roman Catholic Spain, to whom the pope had awarded this hemisphere, *forbade the settlement of Protestants in the New World.*

This part of the universe was to be kept pure and uncontaminated, a papal domain, unsullied by Huguenot, Calvinist, Lutheran, Separatist, Anabaptist, Brownist, or dissenter of any sect.

Doesn't every tyro in history know how the Catholics massacred the French Protestants, when they attempted the colonization of Florida?

Was St. Bartholomew itself more hellishly ferocious than the butchery of the Huguenots at St. Augustine?

Are not the Catholic dungeons, *and horrible instruments of torture*, still to be seen in that City?

The origin of the long wars between England and Spain, was this very claim of Catholic ownership of the New World!

Protestant England disputed the claim, and determined to combat it!

Under the Protestant Queen Elizabeth—whose beautiful and accomplished mother had been sacrificed to a Catholic intrigue—Sir Walter Raleigh began his Protestant colony-planting; *and the Catholics of Florida did their level best to exterminate those colonies.*

Had the weather favored the Catholic fleet, *Jamestown might have been wiped out.*

Have we forgotten how the Florida Catholics invaded Georgia, in the time of Oglethorpe, and attempted to drive out the Protestants who had settled at Frederica and Savannah?

Is it possible that our school-children have been left in ignorance of the Battle of Bloody Marsh?

I heard the Sesqui-Centennial Address of Alexander H. Stephens, in Savannah, in 1883, when he was Governor of Georgia, and I, a member of the Legislature: in that carefully prepared speech he said—as he had previously done in his History—that the victory which General Oglethorpe won at Bloody Marsh changed the course of American history.

Gen. Wolfe's victory over the Catholics at Quebec, Canada, was another decisive event, wresting North America from Catholic control.

What was the French officer, Jumonville, doing in the Ohio woods, when Washington's Indians shot him?

*He was pushing the Catholic domains down the Rivers, toward Virginia!*

But we are told that our forefathers could not have won the Revolutionary War "without the aid of Catholic France."

France, at the time of our Revolutionary War had ceased to be Catholic, except in name.

Its leading men were Deists, or Atheists, or Free-Masons.

*The Duke of Orleans*, whose son afterwards became King Louis Philippe, *was a Free-Mason*, and he hated the Roman Catholic hierarchy with a consuming hatred.

The Marquis De la Fayette, who rushed to the side of George Washington, and served gallantly—though not so efficiently—was a Deist, like Benj. Franklin and Thomas Jefferson; and, to his dying day, LaFayette detested Popery.

Dillon, Lauzun, Rochambeau, and other gay young Frenchmen who came over to fight on our side, were not better Catholics than D'Orleans and LaFayette.

In fact, the Catholic religion, at that time, was the subject of jest, scorn, ridicule, and abomination, throughout France.

What else could it be, when the Bishops and Abbes were the most notorious profligates in the kingdom; when the church was a party to every abuse of Bourbon misgovernment; when the King's avowed mistresses were diplomatic spies and agents for popes; and a Cardinal Prince of the Roman church was defended by his brother priests, *after the full exposure of his deliberate efforts* TO SEDUCE QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE?

As everybody knows, the aid given to the American colonies by the French government was first given *clandestinely*, through the celebrated Beaumarchais, who was anything except a religious man, and least of all a Catholic.

His famous play, "*The Barber*," subjected the old Catholic order in France to the merciless shafts of dramatic ridicule, and helped to dim the halo of those twin robbers and debauchees, the aristocratic noble and the Roman Catholic prelate.

"His Lordship," Benj. Keiley, of Savannah—who defies the law of Georgia and enforces here the law of Rome, to the ruin of Protestant women—Bishop Keiley says that the Catholic clergy of France gave *six million dollars*, to the struggling American colonies.

The Catholic clergy didn't give six cents!

On the contrary, the Catholic clergy, owning one-third of the entire wealth of France—procured by the same unholy methods practised in Mexico, South America, Cuba, and the Philippines—obstinately refused to give one single franc to the Treasury, although the King's minister pleaded for aid, and warned them, that unless they manifested *some* patriotism, he would be compelled to apply to the whole nation, in States-General assembled.

The Catholic clergy remained obdurate, and in the hope of averting calamitous bankruptcy, the desperate ministers *did* summon the States-General.

As every one knows, the Revolution followed; and the accumulated loot of the Catholic clergy was confiscated to the use of the French people.

The wars between France and England began long before our Revolutionary War; and, in the main, the struggle was one of religion, just as the discord in Ireland has ever been.

After the Catholic King of Spain failed in their efforts to crush Protestant England, and to shut Protestants out of the New World, the Catholic side of the contest was taken up by France, under Louis XIV.

This monarch exerted his utmost power to subjugate Protestant Holland, and the struggle involved the restoration of Popery in England.

The Stuart Kings were narrow-minded bigots, the slaves of Jesuits; and the Catholics, Charles II., and James II., became allies and pensioners of the Catholic despot of France.

In the long run, Protestantism won, mainly through the stubborn ability of the Dutchman, William of Orange.

His ancestor, William the Silent, *was the first man in the modern world to proclaim and establish* RELIGIOUS LIBERTY!

After several attempts to have him murdered, the papists finally succeeded. A Jesuit, Baltazar Gerard, shot the hero to death, in his own house, at Delft.

But the life-and-death struggle between Popery and Democracy still went on; and William of Orange gave Popery a knock-out blow at the Battle of the Boyne.

In 1745, the Catholics made their last armed attempt to conquer Protestant England. It was brought to disaster, at the Battle of Culloden, and the Catholic Stuarts retired to the pope at Rome, where one of the House became the "Cardinal of York," and where the last of the race died, a despised drunkard, in the 19th century.

Now, if you will exercise your intelligence, you will realize at a flash *why* the Catholics were willing to fight England, *then*, even more than now.

The memories of Culloden and the Boyne *rankled!*

Papists everywhere hated the country of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and William III.

Read Macaulay's "History," and you will fully understand *why*.

But the sober fact is, that the greater part of the Irish who fought with our fathers, for Independence, came from the North of Ireland, and *were Protestants!*

"His Lordship," Keiley, papal sovereign of submissive Savannah, gloats over the fact that Charles Carroll signed his name Charles Carroll, *of Carrollton*, claiming that he did so in order that the British might know which Carroll to hang as a rebel, in case our ancestors got licked.

Why, then, did John Randolph, the statesman, always sign himself, "John Randolph, *of Roanoke?*"

Randolph lived in the days of Andrew Jackson and James Monroe, when there was no longer any question of Britain hanging patriots as rebels.

Doesn't every intelligent human be-

ing know, that the "*of Carrollton*," in the one case, and the "*of Roanoke*," in the other, was the customary signature of the signer, adopted originally to distinguish the signers from other men bearing the same name?

There were other Charles Carrols, and other John Randolphs, and the name of the *estate* was added, for identification, as it used to be in all European countries.

In France, Charles Carroll would have been known, perhaps, as the Count de Carrollton; and Randolph, as the Duke de Roanoke, just like the Prince of Sagan and the Count of Castellane, who took turns at marrying Jay Gould's daughter's money.

The Declaration of Independence is signed by Thomas Nelson, *Junior;* did he sign that way for fear the British might hang the old man?

The Declaration is also signed by Thomas Heyward, *Junior*, and Thomas Lynch, *Junior*: were they likewise identifying themselves for the gibbet?

"His Lordship," Keiley, sovereign prince of Savannah, writes some exceedingly weak drivel.

To refer to the War between the States, proves nothing, for the simple reason that Popery was not at stake. Catholics differ like other citizens, when the interests of the Roman church are not involved.

But when the King, the Queen, or the Government, is under the ban of the pope, Catholic treason is inevitable, indefatigable, and satanic.

Thus, the Jesuits instigated the murder of Henry III. of France, because he was in league with Henry of Navarre, a Protestant.

They caused Henry himself to be assassinated, because he had prepared an army to aid the Lutherans of Germany.

They attempted the life of Queen Elizabeth, again and again, because the pope had excommunicated her and "deposed" her, by one of his Bulls.

They formed the Gunpowder Plot, to blow up Parliament and King, because both Parliament and King were against the pope.

They are *now* fomenting terason in the British Parliament, when England is battling with the pope and the Kaisers; and the unscrupulous Jesuit, John Redmond, is demanding Catholic rule over Protestant Ulster, threatening an Irish Catholic rebellion, if his insolent and monstrous demand is not granted.

And every Catholic priest, editor, and Protestant *prostitute*, in this country, is noisily advocating John Redmond's so-called "Home Rule," *when Catholic Ireland already has it*, but is not satisfied to leave Ulster Protestants *enjoying the same privilege*.

In Canada, the French are refusing to enlist for France, and fight her battle for existence, because the Catholic priests preach treason to them!

The priests tell them that the pope is the ally of the German despots—which he is—and the French Catholics of Canada are guilty of the basest treason to their own Fatherland, their own kin across the sea.

This object-lesson in Catholic treason is given under our very eyes, and yet we are asked not to see it!

We are asked to remember that Catholics fought on both sides, during the War between the States, and that the rakish Louisiana priest, Father Ryan, wrote a pretty little piece of poetry on "The Conquered Banner."

Why did "His Lordship," Keiley, leave out of the *Who's Who* biography his alleged service under that Conquered Banner?

Why did he, after the War, slink off the Rome, to be educated as a traitor to American laws, institutions, and liberties?

Romanists are professing to be mightily surprised and pained, to see so much anti-Catholic sentiment growing: *whose fault is it?*

We Protestants did not frame a law against human rights, at Trent, in the 16th century.

Our ancestors were not taught, by their religious instructors, that it was commendable to kill a fellow creature for a difference of religious opinion.

Our forefathers did not make it a capital crime to believe that a dozen

Latin words, spoken to a bottle of wine, could not change it to God's blood.

The heads of our churches did not lay the curse of the Christian religion on the Great Charter of our liberties.

Our preachers never met in a convention, to debate whether Woman had a soul.

Our preachers were never mean enough, brutal enough, and besotted enough to *accuse Woman of being the filthy vessel*, that brought Sin into the world.

Our preachers never chained the Bible to the bookshelf, and put a lock on it, to keep the common folk from reading it.

Our churches never tortured and burned Christian men and women, for having the Book in the house.

Our churches never had to organize murderous secret societies, bound together in crime, by fearful oaths.

Our churches never had to have secret ciphers, secret service-men, secret dungeons, political lobbyists, and dark-room compacts with party bosses.

Our churches never claimed the right to "forbid to marry"—which, the Apostle Paul said, is the "doctrine of devils"—and then locked up the necessary number of women, for these unmarried men to use as wives.

What are your Federations doing, if not working to subvert the American ideals?

They are doing just that.

In Congress, the Knights of Columbus—Gallivan and Fitzgerald—are striving to shut the mails to anything unfriendly to Popery.

The lobbyist, O'Hern, is on duty, constantly, bringing about the union of Church and State, his initial step being a division of public money between the Government and the Roman church.

Cardinal Gibbons has labored zealously and successfully to papalize the Army and Navy, beginning with the chaplain laws, and the Catholic chapel at West Point.

On every public question, Gibbons proclaims the papal opinions. He never fails.

On one side of his mouth, he declares that the Catholic church is not in politics; on the other, he is forever telling Catholics how to vote.

He told them to re-nominate Mr. Taft, and they did it, thus slapping Mr. Roosevelt for not stooping to kiss the pope's foot in Rome.

Then, after having beaten Roosevelt with Taft, he beat Taft with Wilson—why?

Because Taft was a squeezed lemon, and the Catholics wanted more juice.

They got it. Under Wilson their strides to power have been prodigious, and the end is not yet.

Cardinal Gibbons has rallied the Catholic hosts against restricted Immigration, against Philippine Independence, against the Public Schools, against our Divorce laws, and against the Government ownership of Railroads.

"Home Rule," so good for the Irish, is too good for the Filipinos—according to Jesuit Gibbons.

Government ownership of public utilities, so good for France, Germany, Italy, and Japan, is too good for the Americans—according to Jesuit Gibbons.

Popular education, leaving the child mentally free to choose its own religion, *after it is old enough to know how*, is a good thing to *imagine* that Catholic countries enjoyed in the Dark Abes, but is too good for 20th century Americans—according to Jesuit Gibbons.

Divorce, on sufficient grounds, is Woman's open door to freedom, happiness, independence; but Gibbons damns it as an institution of Satan, because it emancipates woman from the tyranny of the priest.

In the Catholic church the millionaire Drexels, and Crokers, may procure a divorce, but the poor woman must endure whatever her fate is: and the poor man must be content with one wife, while the Prince and the King may have *two*, one of whom is politely called his "morganatic wife," by the same popes that call our Protestant wives, and dead mothers, "*legalized prostitutes.*"

In one of the Italian pope's leading organs in America, the Catholic Federations are prodded to their official duties by a series of questions.

They appear in a recent issue of the Pittsburgh *Observer*:

Do you encourage and participate in conferences of charity and social services? Have you a building and loan association? **What interest do you take in Juvenile court work?** What Catholic problem does the Y. M. C. A. raise in your community?

Law and Legislation—**Are your State laws and city ordinances acceptable? Are any changes desirable?** Is there additional legislation required to safeguard life, limb and morality? **Do you keep in touch with the proceedings of your legislature? Have you a bureau of legal advice.**

Public Morality—What is your Federation doing to make the playhouses good and keep them from evil? Are you having ordinances enforced governing saloons, dances, movies, penny arcades, gambling? Are you keeping libraries morally clean? **Agitating against divorce?**

Press and Publicity—What are you doing to support the local Catholic press? To elevate the standard, intellectually and morally, of the local secular press? **To correct errors and repudiate false charges; Are you endeavoring to secure publicity for Catholic news and events? Campaigning for the spread of Catholic pamphlets and books?**

Organization—Have you made the attempt to affiliate all local Catholic societies with the Federation? Have you provided central offices for the Federation? **Have you developed an efficient working staff?** An executive secretary to carry out the resolutions and programs of the various commissions? Do you co-operate with other civic movements such as associated charities, Consumers' Leagues, etc.?

Thinley veiled, *there* is the Catholic plan of campaign, mapped out for their secret societies.

Read carefully the lines which I have had printed in black face, and tell me what's left out of Rome's systematic plan to "Make America Catholic."

Is any other church organizing secret societies, to control legislation?

Is any other church employing lawyers, and establishing bureaus of legal advice?

Is any other church organizing secret societies, to get favorable news published, and unfavorable news suppressed?

Are Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians campaigning for the spread of their books and pamphlets?

No! God help us, the Protestant churches are doaty with dry rot!

Preaching has become, in too sadly many cases, a mere trade, taken up like any other profession, with the business feature cultivated, and the inspiration left out.

To the North of where I sit, as this is written, and within twelve miles, stands the shell of a dead Baptist church, whose regular pastor, 47 years ago, was E. A. Steed, the young preacher who figures in my story of the Old South—he was my tutor at the Thomson High School and at Mercer University.

The pastor long since died, and the church is also dead—*why?*

South-west of me, is another shell of a dead Baptist church, less than 20 miles away, whose pastor was John W. Ellington, one of the young men that Alexander H. Stephens educated.

The good old preacher died, years ago, and so did the church. Occasionally a Mercer student comes there, and preaches; but old Elam has no regular pastor and no regular services —*why?*

It is a vital question, and Protestantism must solve it, or die.

What American is so blind that he cannot see the change which has taken place in the attitude of the Roman church during the last twenty years?

Her position is a different position from what it was in the earlier days; her voice, a different voice; her manners and methods revolutionized.

Previous to the War between the States, who could have foreseen that her three Irish Cardinals would hold a national convention of Federated Catholic Secret Societies, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, and proclaim a "holy-war" against American ideals?

What American, in 1860, could have foreseen that a coarse, ignorant, low-minded Irishman, *like Bill O'Connell*, could scrape up enough money, in Boston, to purchase, at Rome, the red hat of a Cardinal; and then return to Mas-

sachusetts, with a flourish and fan-fare of papal trumpets, *demanding that the Governor order out a regiment of State troops to act as Guard of Honor for* HIM, a bloated old brute, who *had solemnly sworn to persecute to the utmost his American fellow-citizens?*

What sage could have foretold—or been believed, if he *had*—that the meek, humble, propitiatory, and eagerly submissive Catholics of ante-bellum times, would, within half-a-century after the Civil War, become *the insolent Knights of Columbus*, battering at the ramparts of our Constitutional system of Government, and defiantly working to outlaw Protestant literature, destroy Protestant publishers, silence Protestant churches, gag Protestant periodicals, and benumb with fear the Protestant lecturer, teacher, and politician?

What sage could have foretold—or been believed, if he *had*—that the Roman church, so lamb-like in Colonial Days, so obedient to American laws in Ante-bellum Days, so full of lip loyalty until about twenty years ago, would undergo a complete transformation, would cease to be the affable Mr. Hyde and become the detestable Dr. Jekyll, would lose all its lamb-like docility, and become a tiger, raging with blood-lust and cruel as hell?

Nobody foresaw it, excepting the few men who wrote in the time of The American Party; and those few men met the fate of Cassandra. They prophesied what would happen, and it has happened; but, while the prophets lived, and lifted their voices in warning, their people were deaf, refusing to believe.

Every ill that now afflicts our Republic, and appals the patriot, was predicted in the "Madison Letters," published before the War, and now reproduced in the new edition of my "Political and Economic Handbook."

(The "Madison Letters" were the most forcible and statesmanly of all the defenses made for The American Party, but they have long been forgotten: in reading them again, last Summer, I was so deeply impressed by their foresight, and their application to present conditions, that I included them in the new Handbook.)

Did you know that the Roman attitude began to change, immediately after Pope Leo XIII. proclaimed the United States to be no longer a *missionary* country?

Did you know that Pope Leo XIII. issued his official decree, *declaring this Republic to be a papal domain*, with its established hierarchy, and with *its papal ambassador from the Pope to the President?*

Did you know that Pope Leo XIII. formally erected the devilish papal *Inquisition*, in this country, and that the crimes against Protestants are the fruits of that Inquisition?

THOSE ARE THE FACTS!

The Italian pope's embassy at Washington is called a Legation, but it is an embassy, nevertheless.

The pope's ambassador is called a Legate, but he's an ambassador, nevertheless.

The Italian pope's embassy is as splendid a palace as any King could want; and the pope's ambassador lives in as grand a style as any imperial nabob.

The Inquisition has its spies and agents in every Department of the government, its clerks in every office, its Jesuits overlooking the telegraph service, the Associated Press, the Moving Pictures, the theatres, the Schoolbook publishers, the public libraries, and even the reading rooms.

The Inquisition keeps its hand upon the Night Courts, and upon the Juvenile courts, railroading Protestants into Catholic hell-holes.

The Inquisition holds the reins over the American News Company, and all news-stands of that nation-wide Trust, and woe unto that magazine which ventures *to tell the truth on the Roman church.*

When you read of Haverhill riots, *think of Bill O'Connell, and his oath to persecute!*

When you read of lawless boycots against Protestants who, with tongue or pen, *dare to protest*, think of papal

Inquisition, and its ancient law of persecution unto death—*ancient*, but never repealed; not used in this country, *until recent years*, but now in full force.

When you see the Gallivans and Fitzgeralds at work to papalize our mail service, think of the Inquisition, which tortured and burnt Christian laymen, for reading *the Catholic* Bible.

When you see the K. of C. assassins, after secret conference with the priest, arm themselves with automatic revolvers, seek out a Protestant lecturer, solicit an interview with him, *in his private room*, and then shoot him through the heart, because he refuses to be silent and leave town, *think of the papal Inquisition* which shot Dr. Rizal, in the Philippines; Professor Ferrer, in Spain; Mayor Gaynor, in New York; and President Madero, in Mexico.

There isn't the slightest doubt that the Inquisition had condemned William Black to death, and that the Knights of Columbus were officially ordered to execute the sentence.

And so, in 1908, the Italian pope felt sufficiently strong to proclaim his infamous *Ne temere* decree, placing papal law in force, and annulling the Civil marriage which American law legalizes.

Supported by the rifles of the 300,000 Knights of Columbus, by the guns of the Ancient Hibernians and German Central Verein, the Italian pope arrogantly erect the Empire of Papal Absolutism in these United States, and demands that every Catholic divide his allegiance, giving to a foreign potentate such part thereof as the foreign potentate—in his infinite infallibility—may exact!

With a treasonous barbarity that shocks every feeling of justice and humanity, the American Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops have enforced the foreign law of marriage, paying no regard whatever to the statutes of American States, or to the broken homes and hearts of Protestant wives!

Nobody, except the Catholics, has any


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"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

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run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring mater in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

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